Vol. XCI.—No. 1178] JULY 14, 1920 [Registered as a Newspaper.

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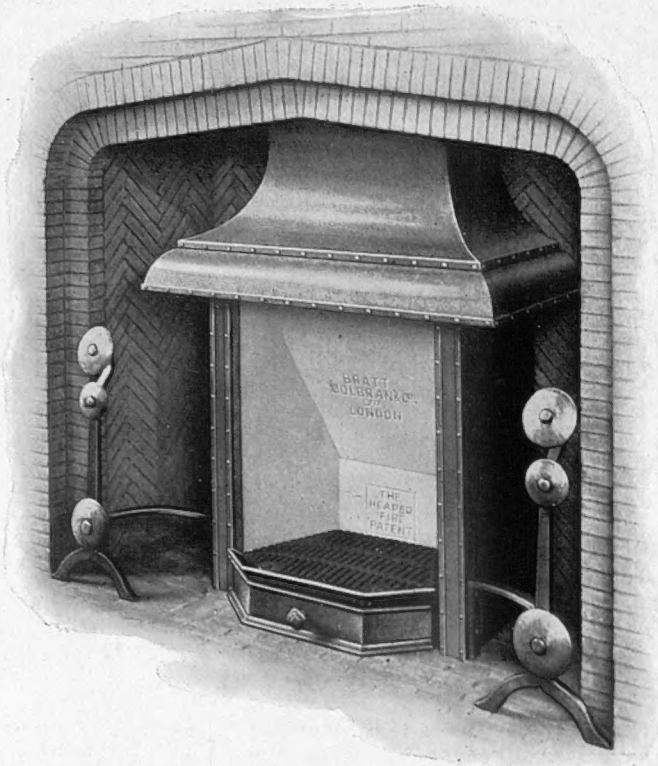

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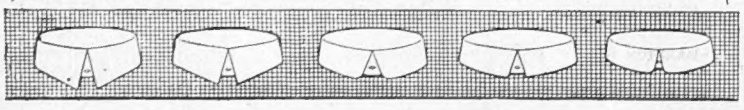

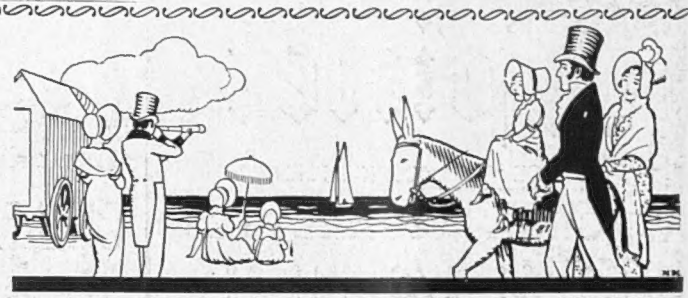

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P.10

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Depth of seat 1 ft. 9½ in. Height of back 3 ft. 0½ in. Length 5 ft. - £4 7 6
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made from the timbers of H.M.S. LION

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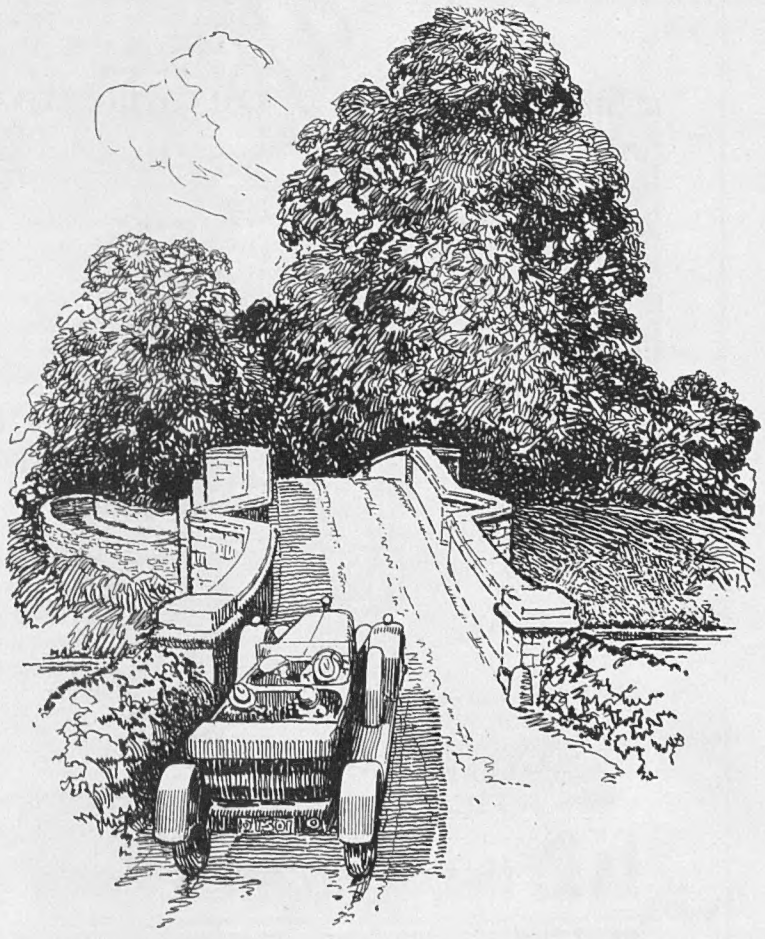

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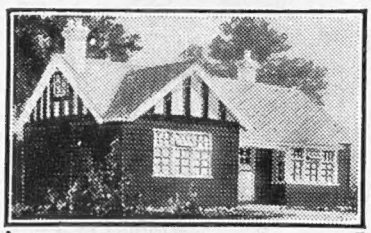

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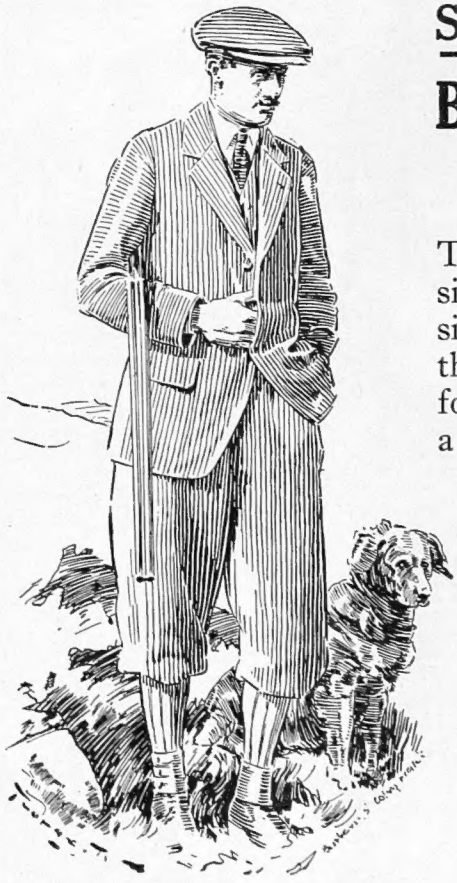

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The BYSTANDER

BY GILBERT RUMBOLD

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS

'ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE'

MYSELF I FIND THE HONOURS LIST THE MOST INTERESTING READING —

THERE IS NOTHING LIKE A PAGEANT TO MAKE US REALISE THE GLORIES OF OUR FABLED PAST —!

REMINDS US THAT GOOD BOYS DO OCCASIONALLY BECOME GOOD MEN

HOWARD 15 26

Lords and Ladies

THE Birthday Honours List is now a matter of ancient history, and those fortunate folk whom the King delighted to honour are becoming accustomed to their well-earned distinctions. No longer do Sir Edward and Sir Francis feel a trifle self-conscious when so addressed, and the wives of the new knights have adapted themselves even more readily to the new order.

A Romantic Recital

MYSELF, I find the Honours List the most interesting reading that appears in the columns of the Press from year's end to year's end. A few disgruntled elders and youthful cynics may profess to scoff at that romantic recital of personal achievement, but I have never failed to read it line by line from beginning to end; skipping neither the K.C.I.E.s nor the Dominions Office List.

A Brilliant Woman

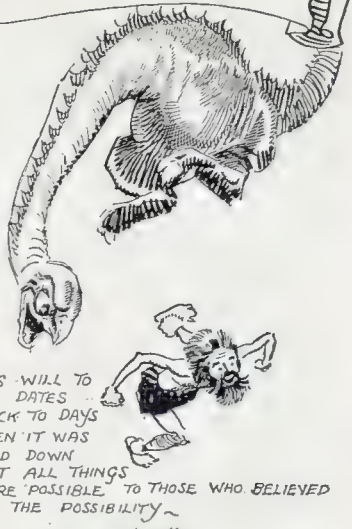
THIS year, for some reason, I found the List more interesting than ever. The inclusion of Mrs. Kendal as a D.B.E. was sufficient to give it added distinction in my eyes, for she is a brilliant woman who has succeeded in growing old gracefully, which, for an actress, is a more difficult task than you might imagine. So gracefully has Mrs. Kendal grown old that you would imagine she was still on the sunny side of sixty, whereas, actually, she is—but no, you wouldn't believe me if I told you, so why waste ink in the effort.

Sir Francis

AND then there is Mr. F. E. Lacey, in whose person the game of cricket receives a belated honour. It was not as a cricketer, I imagine, that F. S. Jackson was lead blushing into the limelight, and those noble lords—Hawke and Harris—were not introduced to the Peerage for victories at Lord's or the Oval, as you might suppose. I join with the great army of cricket lovers in congratulating Sir Francis Lacey on his inclusion therein.

Welsh Honours

NO Englishman and no Scotsman will quarrel with gallant little Wales for carrying off the main honours of this Honours List. Lord Tredegar becomes a Viscount and Mr. Seymour Berry is made a Baron. Monmouthshire claims the former; and the latter, who has more directorates than he has years, hails from Merthyr Tydfil; his birthplace having honoured him with its only "Freedom" before he honoured his birthplace with his Barony. My congratulations to Wales and to these distinguished Welshmen.



THIS WILL TO BE DATES BACK TO DAYS WHEN IT WAS LAID DOWN THAT ALL THINGS WERE POSSIBLE TO THOSE WHO BELIEVED IN THE POSSIBILITY —

VERY SOON DISTINGUISHED MEN WILL BE TELLING NUMBERS OF SMALL BOYS THAT THEY — THE DISTINGUISHED MEN — WERE THE BAD BOYS —

REALLY BAD BOYS RARELY ESCAPE A STICKY END —

QUALITIES THAT SPELL SUCCESS IN AFTER-LIFE —

By David Wilson

IN "HELL'S KITCHEN"

Chef "Cook" making a "hash" of everything!

The Will to Be Well

I HOPE that the death of M. Coué will not result in the decline and fall of Couéism, for his famous formula, "Every day and in every way I am getting better and better," has brought more benefit in its train than most of us imagine. After all, this will to be well dates back to the days when it was laid down that all things were possible to those who believed in the possibility. M. Coué may have been a good joke, but he was building on very sure foundations.

Our Fabled Past

ALTHOUGH London has been robbed of its Tattoo, it is good to know that the imagination of the provinces continues to be stirred by a series of Pageants, in which the past history of these islands is picturesquely portrayed. There is nothing like a pageant to make us realise the glories of our fabled past, and when illustrated in this manner the history-book becomes a living and vital thing. One of the best pageants I have seen for a long time was the St. Fridesmade Fair held in Worcester College Gardens, Oxford, a week or so back.

A Silly Pose

VERY soon large numbers of distinguished men will be telling large numbers of small boys that they—the distinguished men—were the bad boys and the poor scholars of their respective schools. There is a general belief that most famous men are drawn from the ranks of the bad boys, and the famous men do everything they can to keep the tradition alive when asked to present the prizes at their old schools. It is rather a silly pose, and the reason for it is hard to find.

A Damaging Crusade

FOR the benefit of those famous men who will be continuing this dangerous and damaging crusade during the present month, I quote from a timely article in my morning paper, in which the writer reminds us that good boys do occasionally become good men—that good boys are sometimes wrongly supposed to be bad boys, and that bad boys—really bad boys—remain bad to the end of the chapter, and rarely escape a sticky end.

Wrong Diagnosis

THAT, you see, is the crux of the whole matter. It is quite possible for an overworked and greatly harassed schoolmaster to make a wrong diagnosis as to character. "The qualities that drive a schoolmaster to despair are often the very qualities that spell success in after-life." From which you may gather that the famous man who claims to have been a bad boy was never anything of the sort, and that the bad boy who thinks he will be famous will never be anything of the kind.

A Luxury Tax

WHILE Mr. Winston Churchill is nibbling at possible sources of revenue, the Chancellor of the Greek Exchequer has boldly decided to tax unmarried people of both sexes. This, if I may say so, is the stuff to give 'em! Not, mark you, because I happen to be a married man, but because the taxing of a bachelor comes under the heading of a luxury tax, and is, therefore, to be commended.

Beer, Betting and Bachelors

THE Bachelor Tax is the sort of tax that would not defeat itself. If you tax spirits, careful drinkers knock off their whisky, and the last state of the Exchequer is no better than the first. The same thing applies to beer and to betting, but no one is going to suggest that you could tax a bachelor into matrimony. Having tasted the sweets of freedom he is going to pay up and look as pleasant as he can.

The Señorita and Suzanne

SUZANNE LENGLEN must have learned at Wimbledon this year what so many have learned before her, that none of us is indispensable. The final of the Women's Singles Championship was not ruined by the absence of the great star, and, although the young lady from Spain had to give Mrs. Godfree best, there is little doubt that in a year or two the Señorita will be as big a draw as Suzanne has ever been.

The World Wags On!

IT is just the same with the theatre. During the past decade there has been a wholesale eclipse of famous theatrical stars, and still the world of the West End wags merrily on. For this the said stars have been themselves most to blame. They have assumed that they were indispensable, and, for a time, the managers were of the same way of thinking. But, as old stars paled, so new stars appeared on the theatrical horizon, and if these young people are wise they will benefit by the experience of their predecessors. But will they? I doubt it, said the Carpenter!

Raising a Racket

BY E. T. REED

SENORITA COOK: "Well, this Red 'bandeau' hasn't frightened 'em much so far! *Must* get back to 'Vantage-Striker' *somehow*, so I'll just try to *smash everything!*"

WHO, WHEN AND WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

G.P.U.

THE DUKE AT TWICKENHAM

The Duke of York watching a display at the Metropolitan and City Police Orphanage at Strawberry Hill, Twickenham. He visited the Orphanage to distribute the prizes

Topical

AT THE "ROYAL"

Their Majesties driving on to the Royal Show ground at Reading on the opening day. This was the first time for nearly 40 years that the Royal Show had been visited by a Queen of England

Keystone

A NAVAL OCCASION

The Prince of Wales presenting the prizes to the boys of the training ship "Exmouth." He made the journey from Westminster to the training ship by pinnace

The King and Queen of Spain

LONDON and Paris share one distinction. They are the only capitals in Europe to which reigning sovereigns pay private visits. Even in the pre-War days foreign sovereigns never went privately to Berlin, Vienna, or Petrograd, and put up at an hotel as the King and Queen of Spain are doing at Claridge's.

The visit of the King and Queen of Spain has added brilliance to the moment when the Season *bat son plein*, and to the wonder and marvel of a great many people their Majesties gave a luncheon party in the restaurant at Claridge's. Why people should be surprised, I don't know. The visit is a private one, and when royalty is not paying a State visit it has the privileges of the ordinary visitor. On former visits when they stayed at the Ritz, King Alfonso and Queen Ena frequently lunched in the restaurant, and when she has come over alone, Queen Ena has on more than one occasion done the same thing.

It seems very hard in these democratic days that just because you are a King or a Queen you must eat all your meals in a private dining-room when you are paying an unofficial visit to a foreign capital. Yet some people are filled with surprise over that little lunch party and the royal taking of coffee afterwards in the lounge.

Topical

A TENSE MOMENT AT HURLINGHAM

The King of Spain, who is a keen polo player, watching the game between America and the Argentine at Hurlingham. With him is the Duchess of Peñeranda

An Ancient Custom

THE dinner given by Marqués and Marquésa Merry del Val at the Spanish Embassy for their Spanish Majesties was one of those entertainments that set the words "pomp and circumstance" running through your head. Queen Ena's dress and jewels were wonderful.

And the old custom for the reception of a King or Queen of Spain was followed. Footmen in State liveries stood in a double line across the hall from the front door to the staircase, each one holding a lighted candle in his right hand.

Some Spanish History

KING ALFONSO, despite all the head-lines in the newspapers and the stories of a widespread plot against his life, was most cheery and smiling, and obviously was enjoying himself thoroughly. He is one of the few men in history who have been born reigning monarchs.

The history of the Spanish Monarchy is, in a measure, the counterpart of the history of our monarchy. In both countries a woman has saved the dynasty.

You have only to go to your history books to know what would have happened in this country if the Duke of Cumberland had succeeded William IV instead of the little Princess Victoria. The Duke of Cumberland was so hated and detested that he wouldn't have reigned very long. His niece pulled the monarchy out of the mire into which George IV and some of his brothers had plunged it, and made it so integral a part of our national life that we all know the country couldn't exist without it. King Edward and King George, by their devotion to their office, have built upon the solid foundations laid by Queen Victoria.

That's the English story. In Spain the situation was more difficult. King Alfonso's father, Alfonso XII, had succeeded his dethroned mother, Queen Isabella, who had been driven out of Spain by a revolution. I can't tell you Queen Isabella's story here except to say that her marriage to Don François d'Assisi, arranged by King Louis Philippe of France, was one of the most calculating and wicked manœuvres ever wrought in *la haute politique*. At the same time Queen Isabella's sister was married to Louis Philippe's son, the Duc de Montpensier, in the belief that the Queen would have no children, and that the Spanish crown would go to the Duchesse de Montpensier, and that Spain, therefore, would come under the domina-

tion of France. It was a devilish plot, and you will find all the details under "The Spanish Marriages" in the history books, and Queen Victoria's very outspoken opinion in her "Letters."

A Great Queen Mother

WELL, the plot didn't succeed, because Queen Isabella had children. Nobody could blame the Spaniards for rising up against her and forcing her to leave the country, as they did in 1868. She brought the trouble entirely on herself. Six years afterwards, after goodness knows what internal troubles, the Spaniards chose her eldest son as their King. This was Alfonso XII.

His first wife died childless. Then he married the Archduchess Maria Christina of Austria. He died six years later, leaving two daughters. The elder, the Infanta Mercedes, was proclaimed Queen of Spain under the regency of her mother. Six months later a son was born to the widowed Queen Marie Christina, the present King Alfonso, and

C.N.

A CENTENARY BANQUET

The Earl of Balfour proposing the toast of the Royal Society of Literature at the Centenary Banquet of the Society held last week. On Lord Balfour's right is Lady Charnwood

L.N.A.

"FULL ON TOP"

A cheery party on Mr. Hugh Renton's coach on Children's Day at Ranelagh Club. It was one of the most popular "side shows" of the party

Fox

AT CREWE HOUSE

The American Ambassador, with Mrs. Houghton and their daughter and members of the Embassy staff, photographed at the Ambassador's recent reception at Crewe House. It was held in celebration of Independence Day

Alfieri

WELL MOUNTED

Miss Angeline Towers-Clarke astride a mount, built more for comfort than for speed, at the Children's Day party at Ranelagh

Presented at the

Lafayette

LADY ANNE EGERTON

Keystone

MISS WHITEHEAD & MISS SYDENHAM CLARKE

Vandyk

MISS E. GREIG

Keystone

MRS. BEVERLEY BAXTER

Lafayette

THE HON. LADY CHICHESTER

G. P. U.

MRS. ROY GARTON

Third Court

Topical

MISS MARGARET LAING

MISS JUNE FOSTER

Keystone

MISS TRITTON

Vandyk

MISS EILEEN BERRY

Vandyk

MISS CULME-SEYMOUR

Lafayette

MISS JOAN DALZIEL

AT A GARDEN FÊTE *Photo Illus.*

A group at the Carnival and Garden Fête at Worth Vicarage, Sussex, which was opened by Lady Winchester. The group includes Lady Winchester, Lady Alice Mahon, Princess Louis de Bourbon Princess Nicholas Galitzine and Mrs. Van Gelder

the sister had to give way to the brother.

We hear very little nowadays of the Queen Mother of Spain, yet, but for her, it is more than probable the Spanish monarchy would have gone down into the dust into which we have seen so many monarchies tumble.

For sixteen years she was Regent for her son. She was a foreigner. Spain was torn into pieces by petty rival political factions, and during her regency there came the disastrous Spanish-American War and the loss of Cuba. Yet, with consummate bravery and tact she faced the cruellest circumstances and difficulties, and when she handed over the reins of government to her son the warring factions and political groups, whatever their personal differences might be, were united in loyalty to the throne.

Actually, it was the work of a great and far-seeing statesman. When Queen Maria Christina took up this heavy task for her son she was twenty-eight. And the odd thing about it all is that her wisdom, her foresight, her tactful winning over of warring political elements, were the exact opposite of all the Hapsburg traditions in which she had been trained from her birth.

Spain owes an immense debt of gratitude to the Queen Mother Maria Christina.

L.N.A.

A GUARDS WEDDING

Lord Allerton, of the Coldstream Guards, photographed with his bride, Miss Joyce Hatfeild. They were married last week at the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks

Sport and General

A THORN IN OXFORD'S SIDE

R. G. H. Lowe, the Cambridge bowler, who did the "hat trick" against Oxford in the Varsity match. Cambridge were victorious by the narrow margin of 34 runs

Sport and General

AT LORD'S

Mr. H. J. Enthoven, the Cambridge captain, talking to Miss Pears and Mr. E. C. de Rougemont on the second day of the Varsity match

End of the Opera

THE Opera came to an end with a great flourish of trumpets, the Queen going to see *Manon* on the night before the last performance was given. Musically, the season has been most interesting; socially it has been brilliant, all its ancient glories of "tiara" nights having returned. It will be memorable, too, for the night of Dame Nellie Melba's farewell, and Chaliapin's too-brief appearances.

The two singers who achieved the greatest personal triumphs were Madame Jeritza and Monsieur Ausseau, the tenor. We have yet to hear the financial result of the season. The subscription list, I understand, opened very well, but that, I believe, has to be the mainstay of an opera season at Covent Garden, since, taken in comparison with other theatres, much less money is taken at the doors or at the ticket agents' for individual performances. People don't seem to decide to go to the Opera suddenly, as they do to go to plays, and telephone for seats.

Bassano

A BRIDAL GROUP

The group taken after the marriage at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street, of Mr. O. L. Prior-Palmer, 9th Lancers, and the Hon. Barbara Frankland, only daughter of Sir Frederick Frankland and Lady Zouche. The bridesmaids were: Miss Vera Cotton, Miss Ester Bromley, Miss Zoë Barker, Miss Enid Crichton, Miss Doris Coles, Miss Joan Dudgeon, Miss Rosalind Frankland and Miss Judy Leveson-Gower. Miss Barbara Daniell, in a dress like the bride's, was the train-bearer, and Master Anthony Courage the page. The best man was Mr. Erroll Prior-Palmer, 9th Lancers

Lafayette

A JULY BRIDE

Mr. K. G. Colwell with his bride, Miss Catherine Law, younger daughter of the late Right Hon. A. Bonar Law and Mrs. Law, photographed after their wedding last week. The ceremony took place at St. Columba's Pont Street

The Guitrys

THE Guitrys have added joy to the closing weeks of the season, and the Gaiety has been crowded night after night, despite the increased prices, with what the lady novelists of another day would have called "a gay and glittering throng." In her husband's, Sacha Guitry, play *Mozart*, Yvonne Printemps is delightful. It is a *tour de force* for so beautiful and so essentially feminine a woman to make the youthful Mozart so real, so living, that you forget that the character is not being played by a young man with more grace of gesture than young men usually possess.

The Guitry season has been such a success that it has been extended until next Saturday, so if you haven't seen *Mozart* you still have an opportunity which you shouldn't miss.

Alien Influences

WE are all vastly busy in these days running about to the polo at Ranelagh or Hurlingham, cricket at Lord's, and all those other engagements that make each day in our diary look like a list of goods to

AFTER THE CEREMONY *Lafayette*

Mr. L. R. Miller and his bride, formerly Lady Patricia Beresford, youngest daughter of the late Marquess of Waterford and Lady Osborne Beauclerk, photographed after their wedding at St. John's, Southwick Crescent. Lord Waterford gave his sister away

be ordered from the grocer. But all the while we, and thousands of others, are sitting up and believing all is well aliens and Communists are doing their best to create industrial unrest as a preliminary to revolution.

My authority for saying this is the considered opinion of the National League, the Women's Patriotic League, the Association of the Creditors of Russia, the Women's Guild of Empire, the National Constitution Defence Movement, the British Empire Union, the National Citizens' Union, the National Free Labour Association, the Society of Officers, and the Ladies' Imperial Association — a comprehensive list of patriotic bodies.

Representatives of all these bodies at a meeting at Lord Queenborough's house in Berkeley Square, over which he presided, drew up four resolutions which have been sent to Mr. Baldwin, begging him to take action against alien Communists, and to endorse no longer the confiscation of property and repudiation of debts to British citizens by the Soviet Government without compensation. One can only hope such powerful representations will have some effect.

A Garden Party at St. James's Palace

THERE will be an interesting garden party at St. James's Palace tomorrow, as it will be one of the first public appearances of the Duchess of York since the birth of Princess Elizabeth. The garden party is in connection with the appeal for the Central Club in London for girls and women, which is being made by the Y.W.C.A. Blue Triangle Forward Movement. The Duchess is honorary president.

A "Flying Day"

WE were recently charmed by the Air Force Pageant at Hendon, and now the Royal Aero Club have a further treat in store for those of us who are interested in aeronautics, or perhaps one might say "aero-acrobatics." Next Saturday, July 17, there is a special "Flying Day," organised by the Royal Aero Club at the Roehampton Club, the object being to popularise Civil Aviation. Among the many attractions advertised is an Aerial Golf Competition and free passenger flights. Sir Samuel Hoare, the Secretary of State for Air, and Air Vice-Marshal Sir Sefton Brancker, Director of Civil Aviation, will be present. The Central Band of the Royal Air Force will play during the afternoon, and the prizes, presented by the Roehampton Club, will be given away at the Polo Pavilion after the last event by the Duke of Sutherland. Civil flight is obviously the "thing" of the future, if not, indeed, of to-day, and a large gathering is expected.

THE NEW PEER

Mr. Henry Seymour Berry, J.P., of Buckland, Bwlch, Breconshire, on whom a Barony has been conferred in the Birthday Honours. It was the only new peerage in the list

I.N.A.

IN THE HONOURS LIST

Capt. Arthur Henry Rostron, Commander of the "Mauretania," who has been created a K.B.E. in the Birthday Honours. Capt. Rostron received news of his honour by wireless in mid-Atlantic

P. and A.

THE OPENING OF THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT

His Majesty inspecting the Air Force detachment of the triple Guard of Honour when he opened the Royal Tournament at Olympia last week. Prince Henry and Lord Ruthven, G.O.C. London District, are following immediately behind him

In Glorious Devon

Compton Collier

Colonel John Edmond Heugh Balfour with Mrs. Balfour and their daughter, Betty Evelyn Petronella. The photograph was taken in the charming grounds of Colonel Balfour's home, Sidmouth Manor, Devon

NEXT YEAR'S WATERLOO

By Basil Macdonald Hastings

Illustrations by NICK

IN the garden of a cottage I found a little boy. He was a very scrubby little boy, and spoke with a Sussex accent which I shall not attempt to reproduce. At first I did not like to see the unsavoury urchin in this haunt of English roses and French lilies, but presently I found that he was more worthy than I to bear beautiful things company.

He lay in the grass nursing what I took to be a rabbit.

"That's a fine rabbit. What's his name?"

"Ain't a rabbit. Leveret."

"Really. A baby hare. So it is. How extremely pretty."

"Name's Alec."

"A jolly name. Wherever did you get him?"

"I was laying down in the meadow and I found him under my hand. I smoothed him, and he wasn't afeard."

"So you brought him home?"

"Yes. I brought him home because my brother had fallen in the pond."

"And you wanted to console him, eh?"

"He was buried. He got 'ever in the pond, and his name was Alec."

"I see, old chap. . . But what I can't understand is how this timid creature came to settle down with you."

After saying that I remembered I had seen a hare lolloping about a house before. Was it not at Rye? But the incident is very unusual.

"Alec ain't afeard. When the dogs went for him at first I hit the dogs, and when he sees me do that he goes for the dogs."

"Surely not."

The boy whistled, and presently a wire-haired terrier with teeth like those of a baby shark ran to us. The boy pushed Alec, the leveret, towards the dog. The dog hesitated, blinked his eyes and turned tail, the leveret pawing him from behind.

"Cats is the same, mister. They ain't afeard of dogs if they see you hit one. My little brother Alec was always afeard of a thing till he see me do it. That's how he came to be drowned in the pond. Come along to your box, Alec."

. . . . . .

A little under a year later I visited the little boy who had trained a leveret to be so independent. He did not remember me, and made a face when I mentioned Alec.

"Reckon he's for the pot," remarked the still dirty little boy.

"Don't say that. Is he troublesome?"

"He's that fierce. Worried Sally's pups to death and scares every cat away."

"Very sad about the pups, but surely you don't want to kill a hare that scares cats?"

"Father's set on him going. He's gnawed the best furniture something awful, and look how the bark's gone off those trees."

"Where is he?"

The dirty little boy took me to a punctured zinc cistern, and cautiously moved the lid. Two baleful eyes glared up at me.

"I hate the idea of his being killed. Will you sell him to me? I'll give you ten bob."

"Ten bob. Think he's worth that?"

"I'll pay it."

The dirty little boy looked at me suspiciously and went inside to consult someone.

"Father," he announced when he returned, "says that you can have Alec for ten bob if you don't let him free."

"But I'm buying him to let him free."

"On the marsh?"

"No, no. A long way from here."

"Reckon that'll be all right, but it must be far or Alec'll find his way home."

That night—I admit with a certain amount of diffidence—I took a train for Liverpool, carrying with me a large carpet bag containing an absolutely fearless hare. My final destination was Altcar.

. . . . . .

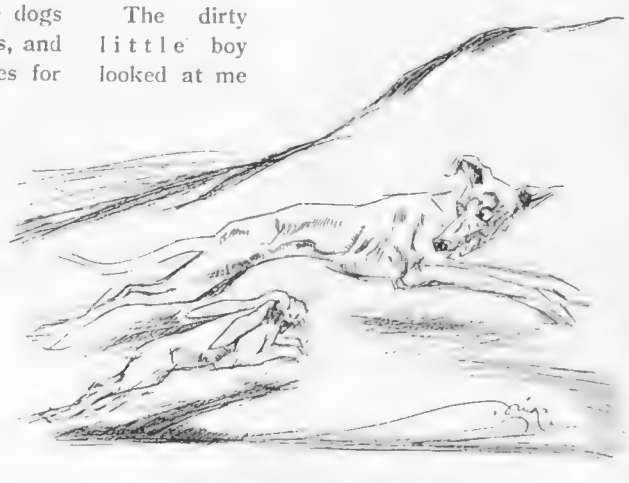
I must now take you into the future. If on the day of the final of the next Waterloo Cup you read the following paragraph in your evening newspaper, you will know that I am expecting arrest at any moment.

"The final stage of the Waterloo Cup meeting was marked by events which the oldest of coursing old-timers admit to be without precedent. The finalists in the big event proved to be Lord Bonsdale's 'Lovely Lass' and Lord Fewer's 'Debater.' Both had easy victories in the semi-finals, and the judge was careful to discard several hares till both dogs sighted a big puss likely to promise a good course. Such an animal seeming to have been found, the slipper sent the dogs away to a perfect start.

"To the amazement of the great crowd of onlookers, the big hare, after a gentle saunter almost at right angles to the dogs' first burst, stopped and appeared to wait for their arrival. The two dogs ran level to the quarry, who leapt sharply aside and avoided their teeth. 'Lovely Lass' had the turn, and this proved unlucky for her. To the utter amazement of a great concourse the hare dodged the dog's jaws and, catching her by the throat, hung on with a gnawing grip which soon produced death.

"'Debater,' who had run past his hare, now came back, but slowly and suspiciously. Satisfied that the other enemy was harmless, the hare dashed at 'Debater' with a cry which the judge, who had now galloped close, said had a wonderful challenge in it. The surviving greyhound turned tail, and was promptly coursed by the hare clean out of the sight of anyone on the historic Altcar plain!

"STOP PRESS: Waterloo Cup Result.—'Debater' found dead at Bootle. Cup awarded to the hare."



"The hare dashed at 'Debater'"

A Falling Market

BY H. M. BATEMAN

"Fall over? Why, you couldn't do that if you tried! Look here—I'll give you five bob if you fall down!"

Other People's Pleasures

ETON AND HARROW DAYS.

BY DELL LEIGH

THESE are the most amusing cricketing days (in the humble judgment of one who was not blessed by the education of either school) of the whole season. I can imagine the O.E. at this point saying, "Forgive me, 'College,' as opposed to school, if it is all the same to you, thanks so much." And the Harrovian grumbling something about "What's the idea of this 'blessed' business?" However, let that pass.

Amusing because, exclaim as you may, the cricket, as such, is to me, anyhow, a very secondary consideration. I am not terribly thrilled by the attractive nature of Mr. Cazalet's batting, good as it is. Or the "dangerous hitting" (to whom?) of Mr. De Zoete, the trajectory of whose drives is said to be a great deal higher than his father's tee shots. Nor, I am ashamed to say, at the announcement that Mr. Whittaker is the best bowler of his type whom Eton has produced since Eric Hatfield—"his beautiful action and admirable length suggest a Northern professional rather than a schoolboy." His people must be very pleased about this!

That Mr. Lindesay, of Harrow, is an absolutely first-rate wicket-keeper is merely voicing the obvious when you have watched him through three overs. That the Harrow attack is again not formidable—on paper—leaves me quite cold.

What does absorb my attention, whatever the state of the game, from 11.30 a.m. until stumps are drawn, is the way of a man with a maid, all round me. The ways of the maids with the men continue to be the impenetrable mystery they always were, and are likely to remain so, as far as I can see.

Here is a man on my immediate left. Aged 15. In spite of his profound knowledge of the world—judging by that small, wise old face under that large, dignified hat—he has laid *all* his much-pondered-over cards on Daphne's white lap, and has said at least three times in my hearing, "I say, you know, it was jolly decent of you to come," thereby giving the whole infernal heart-thumping business away. Her lofty detachment and positively eerie silences and her perverted interest in the Harrow bowling, when she knows perfectly well that Eton is the only place that really *matters*—I mean, in England—is damned extraordinary to him. However, there isn't a girl in the whole bally place with a top-hole hat like that; or such a profile—by gad! talk about Kirschner! . . . "Ridic: my boy; take it from me, she's the goods, what?"

Photographs *Photo Illus.*

THE ETON CAPTAIN

H. P. C. Hope, who captained the Eton Eleven in their annual encounter with Harrow last week

And on my right, fascinatingly close to the point of unpardonable eavesdropping on my part, there is shown the more advanced stage of feminine mathematics. He just didn't get into the Eleven this year—a blood, therefore, second only to those white demi-gods dotted about on the green plain out there. She "came out" at a ball a month ago, but has, as a matter of fact, forgotten more about the ethics of the man-game than her mother learned in thirty years—or thinks she has, and who shall gainsay her?

Their languid talk is of the quality of dance floors: of the versatility and "pricelessness" of Ivy St. Helier's show at "Florida": of the quick acceleration of the two-seater "Suplex" over other 12 h.p. cars. And when he veers his barque round into more intimate waters she does not seem to hear him, or if hearing answers with questions such as "Was that last one a *maiden* over—I didn't notice?" He cannot penetrate the barrage, fence he never so skilfully. But neither could his father before him: nor will his children in like circumstances at Etons and Harrows years hence.

N. M. FORD

Who led the Harrow team against their old rivals in the match at Lord's last week

But it is in the strolling intervals of lunch and tea that a man is made manifest as SOME man, and a seventeen-year old nymph with her phalanx of men as a queen among women. Not one of the latter but has the poise and insouciance of a woman of all the worlds, though her world for nearly all the year is probably bounded by the periodical drive in to the shops of Ferrars-Courtney (Wilts) market town every Friday. Not one of these top-hatted blades but has as his unwritten motto, "Come all the nations of the world in arms and we shall shock them." There is nothing you can teach these savants of sixteen about life, love, or laughter. Women are as an open book to them, theoretically. "Quite all right as far as they *go*, don't you know"—which isn't far: good lord, no!

The Eton and Harrow days are merely rather exciting preludes to the dinner-dance nights. Girt about, it is true, with preliminary difficulties—things like the sit of a feller's white waistcoat ("our laundry must be all Bolshie by the look of things"): the manipulation of these stunt, one-ended dress ties. By the shameful creasing of the new frock in the suit-case ("I *knew* that would happen: my dear, I simply *can't* wear it"): almost unknown tears are very near the surface here.

But whatever their grave difficulties, horrors of disappointment, terrors of shyness, hideous monotony of unending school terms—I wish to *heaven* I was one of them again.

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anger against her he will intervene with more or less fatal results.

A LITTLE later Judith is having her usual nagging match with her husband. Losing patience at last, he grips her arm and twists it after the fashion of a bullying schoolboy, while she sobs aloud and declares that he has hurt her. The Nameless Man takes his cue from that. He rises deliberately from his seat, lifts a gun from its hook over the open fireplace, and strolls out after Jordan. A moment later a shot rings out, and we are given to understand that Jordan has been shot and has fallen down a granite ledge two hundred feet deep, and is no further use to himself or to anybody else. Judith's prayer to Satan has been answered, and she is now free to marry Prosper, who was really intended for Penny. (I might have said the pretty Penny, but that would sound so cheap.)

JUDITH lives alone, with the exception of the servants, in the farmhouse all the winter, with her dead husband's body almost within hail of her, as you might say. Woman of strong nerves, no doubt. Jordan has at least deprived her one of her anticipated luxuries She cannot go and dance on his grave because he hasn't one. In the last act she has been married about a year to Prosper, who, instead of living on wreckage, quarries the granite of the island for the projected lighthouse. But while Prosper is much more gentle than Jordan, Judith remains the nagging shrew. She has thought up a new imaginary grievance. When Prosper returns home in the evening Penny Holt runs to the door to meet him eagerly, and Judith is almost beside herself with jealousy.

THE trouble comes to a head over the Nameless Man, who may be supposed to have inspired it demoniacally. Prosper tells the fellow that there is not enough work for him on the farm, and that he should go on the mainland and try to better himself. The Nameless Man, however, has other intentions. He begins by asking Judith to plead with her husband for him. When she hesitates, he says he will ask Penny Holt to act as his mediator, and Judith needs no greater spur than that. Prosper listens to her considerately and then asks why she should be so anxious to retain the man's services; and Judith naturally feels a little delicacy in explaining that he was her accomplice in the murder of her first husband, as admissions of this sort are sure to cause an upset in the family. Failing a substantial reason, Prosper declines to accede to his wife's unreasonable request. But then Penny Holt comes in and makes the same plea, and Prosper says at once that since both his womenfolk are set on the idea the fellow can stay.

THE UNKNOWN MAN DISPLAYS HIS BAG.

EDMUND WILLARD AS JORDAN.

THAT remark, as you might say, gets Judith's goat. She flings all sorts of insulting remarks at her husband, who is moved to take her by the arm and try and shake a little sense into her. She cries out that he is hurting her; and the Nameless Man takes his cue once more. Judith tries to stay his hand by wrenching the gun from his grasp, but when the Nameless Man has a job in hand he is a sticker. He just runs up behind Prosper and pushes him over the two hundred feet of granite wall, and then comes back to say that he has inherited the farm with Judith thrown in. Miss Sybil Thorndike acts her varying scenes of fear and hate with her usual intensity; and, as as the Nameless Man, with a Mephistophelean eyebrow, Mr. Lewis Casson is weirdly impressive. The moral of the play is that when you are told to go to the devil, you shouldn't go.

JINGLE.

THE SERVANT PROBLEM WAS VERY ACUTE TO JUDITH (SYBIL THORNDIKE)

BON MOT-IFS

By HARTLEY CARRICK

LAST week a gentleman at a South Coast resort was said to have consumed four gallons of beer at one sitting. The alcoholidays have begun.

. . . . . .

"GOOD plays come in cycles," says a theatrical manager. Perhaps that is why some theatres install a revolving stage.

. . . . . .

BEING peeved at his opponent's tactics, one gentleman in a West End billiard saloon hit the other player on the head with the jigger. Now the former is also under arrest.

. . . . . .

A CRICKET team of Surrey ladies always do embroidery work during the intervals. We suppose they aspire to be known as the Hem C.C.

. . . . . .

"THESE fellers in Egypt seem to be fair going it, Mrs. Binks."

"Well, what can you expect, Mrs. 'Iggins, when they drugs themselves all day with that there baksheesh?"

. . . . . .

I own two young, mischievous midgets,
And each of them worries and fidgets;
They ignore my command,
So I keep them in hand
By firmly applying my digits!

. . . . . .

AN editor of our acquaintance has just converted the upper half of his house into flats. He says that the reason for his action was that he wanted to cut a long storey short.

. . . . . .

ONE of the two poker players left in threw his cards into the pack.

"What did you do that for?" asked a player; "he didn't say anything."

"I thought I heard, 'Ace high,'" said the other.

"No, my friend," grinned his opponent, "all that you heard was *a sigh!*"

A WRITER says that elementary schoolboys should be supplied with knickers for cricket. Years ago another writer anticipated him by talking about "The short and simple flannels of the poor."

. . . . . .

WE are asked for our opinion as to who was the most cunning boxer that ever lived. We should say, without doubt, Fitzsimmons, who always induced his opponents to suffer from feinting Fitz.

. . . . . .

SYMPATHETICALLY the old gentleman addressed the small boy who had had a tumble: "G'inger yourself, my lad?" "Ginger, yourself!" indignantly retorted the youngster.

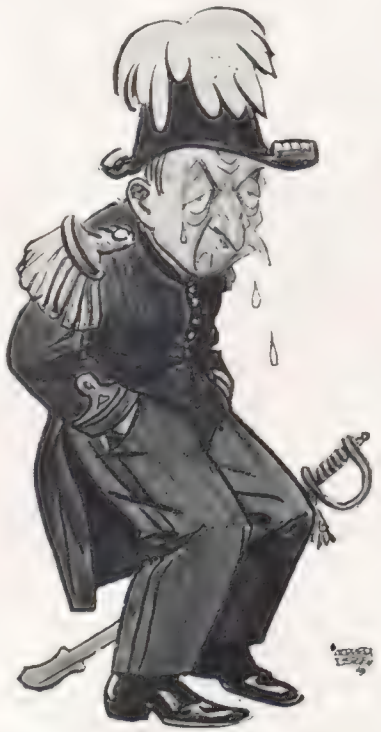
. . . . . .

The roar of the cannon may thrill;
And the thunderbolt truly appals;
But their noise and their tumult are nil,
Compared to the franc when it falls.

. . . . . .

"WHAT did you understand by the epithet the defendant applied to you?"

"I couldn't rightly say, sir," answered the prosecuting lady, "but it sounded like one o' them coarse word puzzles!"



BY ALFRED LEETE

A TOPICAL PORTRAIT

Ceneral Depression, successor to General Strike

LOVE'S LABOUR LOST.

"Dear Maud," quoth I (my sweetheart's Maud),
"I learn with the sincerest sorrow,
My firm is sending me abroad,
And I must board the boat to-morrow;
Yet know, however far I wander,
Absence will make my heart grow fonder.

BY GEO. DIXON

JUST SO AND JUST NOT

"And, dear, when I am far away,
Pray, don't take up this cocktail habit,
Which, as the best physicians say,
Makes one grow brainless as a rabbit.
Don't fly to Vermouth when it's warm,
Nor any Port in any storm!

"Remember that if you indulge
In what is known as a "Martini,"
Your eyes will shortly start to bulge,
Your cheeks will lose that texture sheeny.
Gout lurks in the insidious cherry;
And, chérie mine, steer clear of sherry!

"I know, of course, that you'll beware,
That you will, as the French say, be bon."
But Maud, the colour of whose hair
Is, to her grief, the hue of ebon,
Merely said, when she'd time to ponder,
"Does absinthe make the hair grow blonder?"

. . . . .

IT is said that a German called Herr Trunk, who suffers from ophthalmia, has not closed one of his eyes for six months. Herr Trunk ought to get someone to sit on the lid.

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

THE MODERN CAVE-MAN

A "travel picture" by Lake Thun, in Switzerland, where the motor road tunnels its way through the mountains which run down to the water's edge

GOLF STARS AND THEIR

Our artist's impression of some of the leading lights of the Sunningda

COURSES: NO. 5—SUNNINGDALE

BY H. H. HARRIS

Golf Club, together with a view of one of the greens of this famous course

"GOAL!"

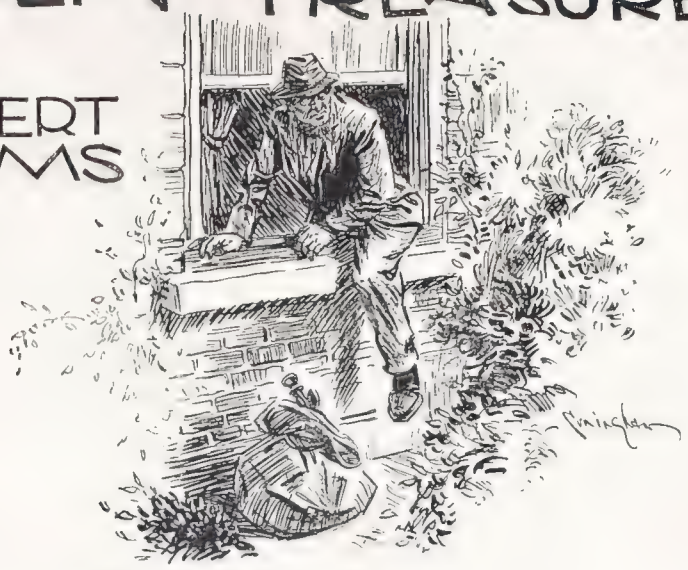
BY TONY CASTLE

An entirely unreliable impression of a recent polo match which caused a sensation at Hurlingham

STORIES TOLD AT THE GOLF CLUB

HIDDEN TREASURE

By HERBERT ADAMS



Illustrations by CUNINGHAM

"I AM taking my holiday in Ireland this year," observed Evans.

"Ever been there, Murg?"

"Once only," replied Murgatroyd. "I don't think I'll go again."

"Didn't you like it?"

"I was unlucky. I saved a golf course and lost a friend."

"Sounds unusual. What exactly do you mean?"

"Well, it's rather a long story." He gave a grunt of laughter as he spoke, so naturally we told him to get on with it. He didn't need much pressing.

"A man I knew named Nicholas Orre had bought a small estate in Northern Ireland. This was before the country was divided, and his place was not in what was called a disturbed area. I had arranged to do a tour of some Irish golf courses with a cousin called Charlie Sarragon. We happened to meet Nicholas Orre, and he insisted that we should stay with him.

"Now, I don't think Orre understood the Irish. Probably it was a mistake to take his English servants each time he went across. It set up a sort of barrier between himself and the country folk, but he certainly gave us quite a jolly time. The golf was poor, as the course was rough, but there were several cheery people in the house party, and Orre had two pretty daughters, Coral and Ruby, so, one way and another, we kept things lively.

"Then they grew a bit too lively. On our fourth night we went to bed rather late. I had danced several times with Coral Orre, and began to think quite seriously about her. I did steal a kiss when we said good-night, but we were all in such high spirits that it did not mean much.

"Early the next morning I was roused by the commotion in the house, and learned that we had been visited by burglars. Apparently none of the bedrooms had been disturbed, but Nicholas Orre always brought a lot of silver when he came from London, and that had attracted the thieves. A fine collection of spoons and forks had disappeared, together with two or three mugs and a silver cup that he had won in a steeplechase. That perhaps annoyed him most, but the whole thing was naturally upsetting. The local police came and took volumes of notes, but we did not think they were likely to do much else.

"However, we were wrong. The next day we heard an arrest had been made. A fellow called Larry O'Rorke had been captured, and there appeared to be no doubt that he was guilty. The odd thing was the swag had disappeared. One of the police came round and told Orre that Larry had practically confessed to the crime, and had said he would show us where the plunder was concealed if there was no prosecution and he was let off.

"Sure, yer honour, and it's yerself should be proud there's so many throublin' to find yer siller for ye"

"'Let him go, Daddy, if he gives it back,' said Coral. 'They are quaint people, these Irish, and perhaps he only did it as a joke.'

"The policeman looked at her with a grin on his freckled face. I think he rather agreed with her, but Nicholas would have none of it.

"'You do not understand,' he said. 'It is a crime and must be punished. We must make an example of him. Otherwise all these people will start joking—until there isn't a spoon left in the country.'

"Of course, he was right. Larry was taken before the magistrates and committed for trial. He was questioned as to what he had done with his booty, but at first he refused to say anything. Then he declared he had hidden it on the golf course, but he would not say where.

"We had not heard this, and the next day when we went to the links an extraordinary sight met our eyes. As a rule one played round without seeing a soul, but that day the course resembled Hampstead Heath on a Bank Holiday. Every man, woman, and child in the village had turned out to go treasure hunting. As the morning went on all sorts of crazy vehicles from the surrounding districts drove up and more people joined in the search.

"Of course, golf was out of the question. The Secretary and the professional ordered the folk off, but what good was that? The constable was just as powerless. There was a public right of way over the links, and, apart from that, how could two or three people chase a thousand over several hundred acres?

"Nicholas Orre was furious. He wanted his silver and he wanted to play golf. He knew his chance of getting his silver was pretty small if these folk found it, and as to golf, how could one play with families in every bunker and with shouting people dashing all over the place when rumour said some one was on the trail?

"'Sure, yer honour, and it's yerself should be proud there's so many throublin' to find yer siller for ye,' said one old man when Orre told him to go home.

"'A precious lot of it I should see if they did find it!' he replied angrily.

"The worst of it was these people were not content with looking. They had brought every conceivable kind of implement to aid in the search. Spuds, mattocks, rakes, sticks, iron bars—anything that could turn over the soil or be poked into holes and through rushes or bracken.

"Nicholas Orre was proud of his course, and was convinced it would become a really first-class one with care. Now he saw it being torn up with a vigour beyond the dreams of niblicks. The sand in the bunkers was feverishly thrown out on to the fairway. Rabbit holes were dug into open chasms, bushes were pulled up, tee boxes were turned over, and some lunatics, finding marks on the greens where the holes had been changed, thought they had discovered clues and excavated accordingly. When night came we could see parties with lanterns still going round with their spades. To find a needle in a hay-stack must be an easy task compared with finding a bag of booty on such a countryside.

"The next day things were worse. The news had spread, and people came pouring in from half the county. The villagers brought their food with them, and the damage to the course got more serious. Nicholas Orre grew frantic. He said the thing was making him ridiculous, and his neighbours would hate him. He would far sooner lose his precious plate than have all this fuss and bother.

"He, however, was disregarded. I moved about among the searchers, and discovered it was 'Larry's siller' they were after.

"'Sure Larry would never decave us,' I heard someone muttering. 'Now where would the brave lad have been puttin' his blessed spoons and forks?'

"Then I had an inspiration. It was at tea-time, after rather a miserable day. I suddenly turned to Orre and said:—

"'I have it! You want to get rid of these people, and you'll never do that until they have either found the treasure or carved up the ground like a derelict quarry.'

"'That's true enough,' he replied testily. 'What do you mean—you have it?'

"'Why,' I cried excitedly, 'they won't go till they have found the treasure, so we must put some treasure there for them to find—something of little value. Then they'll be satisfied and go away.

"'By Jove!' he said, 'you are right—we will do it!'

"Everyone was delighted with my scheme. We searched the servants' quarters, and gathered together a fine lot of things that were hardly worth keeping. Spoons and forks that had said good-bye to the electro many years before, a bent toast-rack or two, some battered mugs, and an old tray with half the rim gone—they made a very respectable pile. We found an ancient carpet bag, and, after dark, keeping carefully away from the lanterns that were still dotted over the course, Charlie Sarragon and I, accompanied by Ruby and Coral Orre, sallied forth and deposited our treasure at the foot of a big tree that had not been much disturbed.

"We returned in high spirits. I was regarded as the hero of the occasion,

"Let him go, Daddy, if he gives it back"

and if Coral let me have another kiss it did not seem more than the enterprise deserved.

"Our plan was entirely successful. We were told that the booty was discovered before breakfast. It was said there was a free fight over it, and several people got their heads cracked. Anyway, by the time we went out both the treasure and the crowd had disappeared.

"Naturally we were delighted with the success of our ruse, and I was much applauded for my brain-wave. Unfortunately, my triumph was short-lived.

"The next day was Sunday. Nicholas Orre liked his family and his guests to go to the morning service at the local church. We all went, but when we came out there was quite a hostile demonstration. All the village folk appeared to have assembled in the churchyard, and when Orre showed himself there was a storm of hoots and groans. We could not catch all they were saying, but derisive cries of 'siller plate' could plainly be heard. Nicholas Orre, who rather fancied himself as a respected local celebrity, was much disconcerted. He stood it for a time, then turned to a man he knew—a cobbler—and he asked him what the trouble was.

"'The trouble, bedad!' said the cobbler. "If it's accusin' poor Larry O'Rorke of stea'ing siller you are, and it's nothin' but a few bits of dirty plate that the shopman won't buy at all, at all, the lad is in prison on false pritinces. That's the trouble, Mr. Nichol——' Then he paused. An idea seemed to strike him. He, we afterwards heard, was one of the finders of the treasure, and so one of the most aggrieved.

"'Mr. *Nickel* Orre,' Mr. *Nickel,*' he repeated, with a contemptuous emphasis, and spat on the ground. The others heard it and took up the cry. We had to retreat from the churchyard to a fusillade of jeers—'Who decaved poor Larry? Mr. Nickel! Mr. Nickel!'

"When we got clear he turned on me in a rage.

"'A nice thing you have done,' he said. 'You have made me the laughing stock of the countryside! I cannot explain matters, or we'll have them all back, and if I don't explain it will look as though I run my household on old brass, and bragged that it was silver! I have never been made so ridiculous in my life!'

"It was useless for me to point out that he had selected the goods himself. Things had gone wrong, and everyone blamed me. Even Coral was snappy, and when I said I had to go the next morning no one had any objections to offer. That was my only visit to Ireland, and I don't mind if I never go there again."

Murgatroyd stopped speaking, and put his hand into his pocket for his pipe. Evans, however, was not quite satisfied.

"Did they ever find the real packet of silver?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," said Murgatroyd, "weeks after. Larry O'Rorke was a liar. He had never hidden it on the golf course at all. He put it under the mud and muck in the pig-sty of his old mother's cottage. No doubt he would have found it there when he was free, but pigs are devils for rooting things out, and one day the policeman in passing saw old Biddy O'Rorke's pig with one of Nicholas Orre's silver spoons in its mouth."

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Ashore, and in the Air

ROYALTY AT HENDON *Central News*

The King and Queen, the King and Queen of Spain and the King and Queen of Greece watching the recent Air Pageant at Hendon. Sir Samuel Hoare, the Secretary for Air, is seen seated in the centre of the photograph

A CLOSE FINISH IN THE A.A.A. CHAMPIONSHIPS *Sport and General*

J. W. J. Rinkel (Achilles) winning the Quarter-Mile from Dr. O. Peltzer (Stettin S.S., Germany). Dr. Peltzer created a world's record for the Half-Mile, winning from D. G. A. Lowe in the wonderful time of 1 minute 51 3-5 seconds

ON THE TAPE *Keystone*

G. M. Butler, of Achilles Club, winning the 220 Yards race at the Stamford Bridge Sports Meeting with J. Bucher, of Magdeburg, second. Butler reached a wonderful speed over the last 100 yards

A BRITISH CHAMPION *Photopress*

Mrs. Godfree, who was the centre of interest in the closing stages of the Wimbledon Championships. In addition to winning the Ladies' Singles, she carried off the Mixed Doubles in partnership with her husband

PARISIANA

By René

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

"The gathering of the *fraises des bois*"

Mes Amis—

All those hard-to-please people who do not wish to go to any theatre unless it is one "where the Parisians themselves really go," should book seats on arrival in Paris for the Folies-Dramatiques, where they are playing a piece with the rich vernacular title of "*Un gas du milieu.*" They will find Parisians there all right, though this fact is a source of annoyance to writers of good drama or clever light comedies.

"*Un gas du milieu*" is the sort of rank melodrama which might have provoked sobs or generated thrills in Biggleswade or Cleckheaton before the arrival of the railways converted them into highly critical centres, but I should imagine that if anybody tried to impose such mawky "melo." on those two localities now he would encounter a most haughty disdain on the part of the Biggles and the Clecks.

And yet, as I mentioned, Parisians go to see it—and give every sign of enjoying it—despite the fact that they have witnessed this felling of the uncouth *apache* by the strong and silent (to the point of concealment) husband of the rather perverted upper-class woman, seeking emotions in *endroits louches*, so many times that they must know all possible developments of the plot by heart. There are peculiar Parisians as there are peculiar citizens of every capital, and this play has obviously been written for them.

Paris, *en effet*, has peculiarities which one would never suspect. Not even those Jonahs who for three or four years have been wailing that the city was going to ruin would have dared to suggest that the capital might become a fruitful field of activity for the botanist as the weeds pushed up in deserted streets. Yet the flora of Paris has thriven to such an extent that it has not needed to wait for the streets to become deserted, but has even chosen to flourish in such far from untrodden quarters as the Place du Carrousel and the fringes of the Arc de Triomphe.

A savant whose pronouncements are not open to challenge has collected in Paris thoroughfares no fewer than two hundred and nine varieties of plants, forty-five about the Carrousel and seventeen around the Arc de Triomphe. Holding the record with a hundred and eighty-seven species, a hundred and two of which are exclusive, come the banks of the Canal Saint-Martin, but the Canal Saint-Martin is where the police look first when any Parisian's disappearance is reported, so this number is scarcely so surprising as that of the more central *places*.

"*Un gas du milieu*"

Personally, I doubt if Parisians will be diverted, as the result of this revelation about the forcefulness of the municipal flora, from the gathering of the *fraises des bois*, which has become one of the popular, and profitable, ways of passing the Sundays in the sylvan suburbs, of which Paris has more than most cities. *Aller aux fraises* has for a few weeks been the great Sunday slogan, and no wonder when—with garden-grown, pallid and rather flavourless, costing four to five francs a pound—it has been possible to fill dozens of baskets with the deliciously flavoured wild strawberry, at practically no effort. This is the fruit for the *gourmet*.

Two great tournaments have lately been competing for the interest of Parisians—The Tour de France, in which cyclists with legs like the arms of the village blacksmith pedal

(*Continued on page* 102)

Little Miss Muffet
Who kept the best buffet,
With her Worthingtons
neat in a row.....
At the end of the day
When she tidied away
She'd nothing but empties
to show!

"By a Morality Commission"

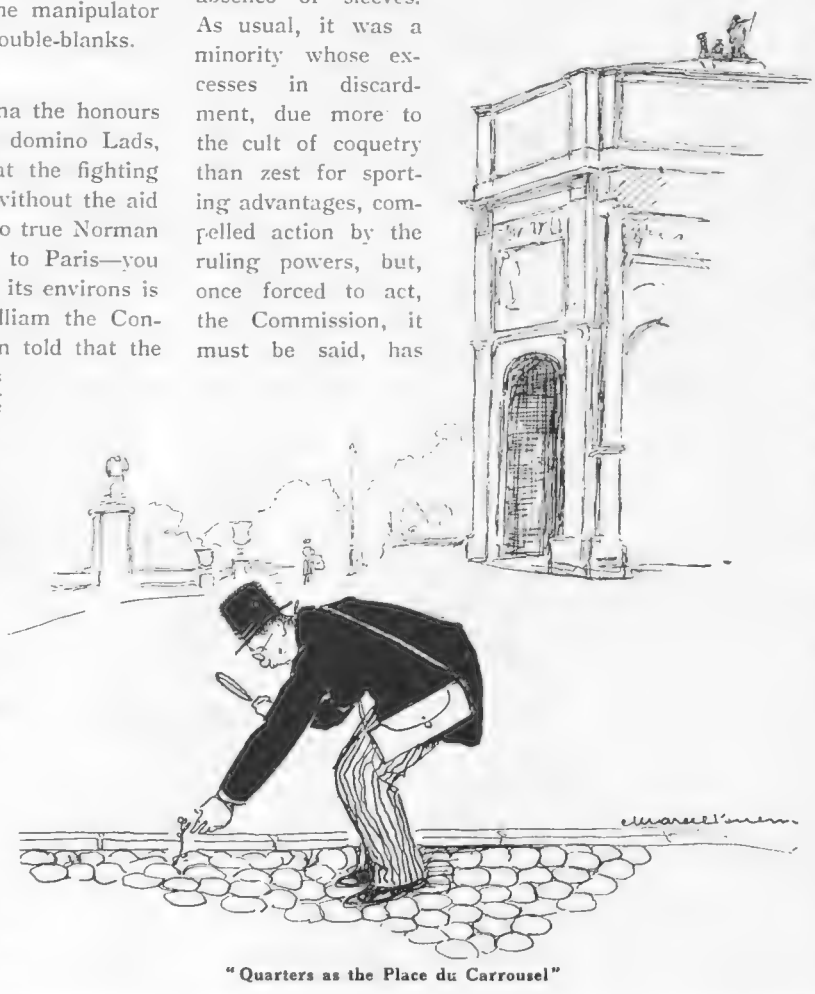
their way all round the outside edge of France, which always seems to me to include far more ups than downs. And the *Championnat de Dominos*, organised by the Lads of Normandy but fought in Paris for the same reason that Scottish championships ought to be held in London, the Norman being to the Parisian what the Scot is to the poor Saxon.

So far as I understand these tournaments, the certain winner is the one who can "stay" for the duration. I believe there is a time-limit of a fortnight for the cycle race, where the pace sometimes comes down to ten miles an hour (and not at all bad either, would say anyone with experience of some of these *routes nationales;* Paul Morand advises anyone motoring to Rouen to make his will before leaving Pontoise), but there does not appear to be any restriction of time for the manipulator of the double-sixes and double-blanks.

In the matter of stamina the honours seem to be with the domino Lads, and when you think that the fighting fettle has to be kept up without the aid of the native beverage—no true Norman ever sending good cider to Paris—you appreciate that Caen and its environs is still turning out the William the Conqueror breed. I am even told that the dart-throwers from this locality can outstay the domino placers. When they meet they make allegations that the other's pastime is a game of chance and not a feat of skill — after which, there is a rude collision.

Parisiennes in their teens who had taken rather fervently to athletics and kindred sports have been pulled up very sharply by a Morality Commission, which has been measuring the length of their "shorts," calculating the clinging capacity of their jerseys—

some of which were not jerseys at all but the upper storeys of bathing-costumes—and ruminating over the absence of sleeves. As usual, it was a minority whose excesses in discardment, due more to the cult of coquetry than zest for sporting advantages, compelled action by the ruling powers, but, once forced to act, the Commission, it must be said, has ordained exceptionally strict measures, and measurements.



"Quarters as the Place du Carrousel"

Sleeves, for example, which had vanished from the scheme of things existing, have to be revived to the degree of covering a quarter of the arm. Bathing costumes, as a form of attire for athletics, are banned completely, and a return must be made to loose blouses. "Shorts," which had shrunk almost to the point of disappearance, have to become "longs" to the extent of reaching some three inches below the knee, which promises to be a big handicap in sprinting and hurdling. At the moment little can be heard in these circles but the hum of sewing machines adding the extra inches, with perhaps a little incisive comment as to what the girls think of the Morality Commission.

'Madame, does the odour of the tobacco I am smoking incommode you?"

"Monsieur, is the scent of the perfume with which I am impregnated disagreeable to you?"

These interrogations, both fortunately answered in the negative, heard in a suburban railway carriage the other day, have brought a sudden realisation of the fact that the smoker, whose carriage is so consistently invaded by women, many of the non-smoking class, now has an opportunity for retaliation when these fractious females object to a few puffs of smoke. After all, many perfumes are far from being agreeable to those who have to submit to the waves, and it would be a perfect form of counter-offensive, when a *personne* had said she objected to smoking, to be able to call a porter and inform him that one objected to suffocation by scent. News of the first incident is hourly awaited.

René.

A leader-writer says that the state of the coal trade is enough to make anyone weep. Well, let's cut out the sobsidy stuff, anyway.

. . .

We are told "a modern girl's blouse is enough to give her pneumonia." Yet she seems to continue her foulardy habits with impunity.

In her Record of the Progress of Peaceful Arts, History hath writ one BREWER'S Name large : to wit, that of WILLIAM BASS. 'Twas he who established in 1777 that COMPANY whose Reputation for the Brewing of Fine Ale doth yet continue to gain in Publick Estimation.

A GOOD WORD FOR EVERYBODY

BASS

The Quality Ale

B 21

TRADE MARK

RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

The Eclipse

From the racing as well as the social point of view Eclipse Day at Sandown Park is always one of the great occasions of the season. There promises to be a brilliant gathering on the Esher slopes on Friday, when the richest race of the year will attract a field which will come up to the best traditions of the race. It will be delightful to see Coronach in action again. No doubt he will be a raging favourite, and his admirers will be fortunate if they are able to secure even money about him. I am afraid it will be a case of laying odds on the Derby winner, for he is certainly not overburdened in the matter of weight, and there is no reason why this course should not suit him.

Colorado's Chance

Among his probable opponents is Colorado. This will be their third time of meeting this season. On the first occasion Colorado had much the better of the argument, but was easily beaten in the second affair. The distance on Friday should suit Lord Derby's colt better than that over which he failed at Epsom. He is unquestionably a great colt on his best day. I think it would be prudent completely to ignore his performance at Ascot, where he was probably feeling the effects of his strenuous preparation for the classic races. Lord Astor has some pleasant recollections of the Eclipse Stakes. I expect he will have more than one representative in Friday's race.

The Oaks Winner

Short Story is engaged. We have not seen this filly since her triumph in the Oaks, and it would be highly interesting to find her in opposition to the best colts of the season. The general consensus of opinion is that the three-year-old colts this season are well in front of the fillies of the same age. Short Story may be destined to falsify this view, but I confess I shall be considerably surprised if she proves herself equal to the task of beating Coronach. Another likely runner for Lord Astor is Cross Bow. This colt put up an exceedingly good performance in the Royal Hunt Cup, and if he reproduces that form he may prove troublesome to the three-year-olds. The latter were generally supposed to be rather above the average quality, but the success of Tournesol over the younger horses appears to point in the other direction. An international flavour will be given to the race by the presence of Ptolemy II. For two or three months past this colt has been expressly trained for the Eclipse, and he is believed to be considerably better than when he failed in the Derby last year. My strong opinion, however, is that **Coronach** will add to the triumphs of the Beckhampton stable.

W. A. Rouch

A RISING STAR

Alec Cottrill, who rode his first winner on His Majesty's Bowood at Salisbury last week. The son of the well-known trainer, Mr. Harry Cottrill, he had ridden only once before in public

More Attractions

On the second day of the Sandown Meeting we have two great attractions in the shape of the National Breeders' Produce Stakes and the Sandown Anniversary Cup. The latter event may be won by **Sparus,** who was extremely unlucky not to have scored at Nottingham last week. I think the danger to him will be Rainbow Bridge. In the big two-year-old race Hot Night is to be brought out again. This colt made a great impression when scoring at Newmarket a fortnight ago, and is apparently something out of the common. Among his rivals will be the selected of Major Dermot McCalmont's brilliant pair, The Satrap and Fourth Hand. There are sure to be some smart newcomers in the field, but I shall endeavour to solve the problem by anticipating another success for **Hot Night.**

POLO NOTES

By ARTHUR W. COATEN

At Hurlingham

It was a happy idea on the part of the Hurlingham executive to arrange a triangular contest between teams representing the Argentine, America, and the Hurlingham Club. The Argentine team had a big advantage over the other two in the matter of handicapping. If their match against the Americans last week had been played on the handicap basis they would have had to concede a start of 7 goals; thus the United States men put up an excellent performance in being beaten only by the margin of a single goal. Early in the sixth chukker they looked like sustaining a much heavier defeat, for the Argentine players were leading at that point by 8 goals to 4. The Americans, however, had decidedly the better of the concluding stages of the game, and if luck had gone their way they would assuredly have equalised.

Mr. Lacey's Effort

We are not likely to witness a finer game this year. Both sides were all out to win, and I think it can honestly be stated that every player gave of his best. Mr. Lacey did many brilliant things during the game. His finest individual effort came during the second period. Getting possession of the ball close to his own back line, he took it upfield without making a single mistake. Once or twice the ball bumped so badly that he could easily have been excused for missing it, but Mr. Lacey kept control superbly, and wound up with a tremendous shot which sent the ball high and true between the goal-posts. It was one of the best gallops I have ever seen, and nobody but an absolutely first-class player could have carried it through. Mr. Traill also did some brilliant things at No. 1, and was always dangerous when he got on the ball.

A Fine Back

Nevertheless, young Mr. Strawbridge put up an immensely plucky fight against him. I had not seen this player at back previously, but after this game I am convinced that this is his best position. When the time comes for Mr. Devereux Milburn to retire from international polo the U.S.A. will have a good man to take his place in Mr. Strawbridge. Mr. Hopping threw himself heart and soul into the game, and was ever prominently in the picture. Mr. Harry East also came off, and showed how much he has advanced in the game since he left Rugby for America a number of years ago. Mr. Sanford did well at No. 1 for the losers, and his ponies rendered a splendid account of themselves.

Teams for America

The Argentine team will meet a stronger American side at Meadowbrook in the autumn. They will be without the services of Mr. Traill, but Mr. Charles Land is likely to make a very efficient substitute. Another team which will take part in the coming tournaments at Meadowbrook is the Harlequins. Lord Wodehouse and Commander Wise are to have the assistance of Mr. H. East and Mr. Fred Prince. Owing to the fact that the Harlequins are sending their ponies to America in good time, they will be unable to take part in the tournament for the Coronation Cup next week. It is regrettable that the winners of the Champion Cup will not have a place in this final trial of strength of the best teams of the season. El Gordo, who recently won the Ranelagh Open Cup, will be opposed by the Army champions, the 17th/21st Lancers. We would all like to see the soldiers prevail against their formidable opponents, but I fear the prospects are overwhelmingly in favour of the Spanish-Argentine combination.

FAMOUS SPORTING CLUBS OF THE WORLD

Eton and Harrow Match at Lord's.

THE M.C.C.—A NATIONAL INSTITUTION.

A quarrel between members of the old White Conduit Club led to the formation of the Marylebone Cricket Club in the late 18th century. A dissatisfied section asked one of the attendants, Thomas Lord, to find and supervise a new cricket ground for them. This Club, which about 1787 became known as the Marylebone Club, played and beat the White Conduit Club in their first recorded match.

After two changes, taking the original turf with him each time, Lord moved to the present site at St. John's Wood.

Many a change has been seen in the game and in this ground since Lord William Beauclerk, an early stalwart who was seldom bowled, hung his watch and chain on the stumps as a reward for taking his wicket.

Early in the Club's history, the members formulated the Rules of Cricket, which, with amendments from time to time, have been universally adopted. And so, gradually, the Marylebone Cricket Club has become recognised as the governing body of the game synonymous with all that is best in sportsmanship.

By Appointment.

John Haig

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WINE AND ROSES

By Blanchette

Illustrated by HELEN McKIE

LONDON, *July* 12.

DEAR COUSIN—

So this is midsummer! At least, technically, I believe, it was that quite three weeks ago or so, but theory isn't always just quite the same as fact, is it? And somehow never seems to *me* anything like the zenith or meridian or climax or apex or whatever you call it of things till there've been at least a dozen or so hot days—the sort when your very thinnest frock's the obviously inevitable, not a debated, choice.

卐

And till you've eaten your fill—if there's such a thing poss.—of strawberries at the Eton and Harrow

"Splash well in"

and the Varsity match. And had at least six Sundays at Murray's-on-Thames . . . the one at Maidenhead, I mean, where you can dine out on a balcony to the lap-lap of the punts that slither lazily up and down, or dance indoors or out, or sip the idle cocktail on a soothingly languid lawn. And till—yea, best and surest sign of all, perhaps—the depressed theatre managers have burst into bitter tears with one accord, and solemnly, but not silently, prayed in fervent unison for rain or frost or hail or snow or anything so's to drive at any rate a decent sort of quorum into their sadly deserted stalls.

卐

Managers being, you know, methinks, rather like Bourbons in this matter—forgetting nothing, I mean, and also learning nothing, not even that when it's really Summer (and also Summer Time) there's so much real drama to be had outside the theatres it quite often apparently doesn't seem quite worth while paying for the imitation article, however fascinating and delightful, inside. But that's by the way, and anyway doesn't apply to all the shows, and I'm quite *sure* not to *any* manager who may happen to read this.

卐

They are not long, the days of wine and roses, as the poet said, for whom, alas! his lines came so sadly true, but while they're here let's gather 'em while we may, *n'est-ce pas?* beneath:

> The golden apples of the sun,
> The silver apples of the moon.

Sunshine and moonshine and roses, and all the other quite intoxicating enough delights that "full blown July" brings *sans* wine or any other adventitious air:

> The rose is hers, and moonlight nights,
> And fragrance passing dreams,
> The maddening bliss of long twilights,
> The dance of wild sunbeams.

卐

Wine and roses, yes, and water too, what? Because this is after all now definitely admitted and acknowledged as the bathing season, is not it, among other things?

When
The sweet land laughs from sea to sea,

and the sea, too, has its twinkling, unending smile, that sparkling, whispering, incredibly infinite dimple that inspired the old Greek poet to one of his very best epigrams quite two thousand years ago or so and more. *Anerithmn gelasma* he called it, all in two words just like that—and at the very breathing of those few kind syllables (since I've had 'em explained to me) there spreads

"The depressed theatre managers"

"Wine and roses"

before one's eyes a vision of a sea all deep blues and greens, stretching right out without any sort of exertion to the very horizon or ultimate edge of things.

卐

It's calm, but not like a mill-pond, as the saying goes—otherwise you'd never get really those infinite smiles. Just a faint, soft swishing and swaying there's going on all the time, and in the gently caressing morning sun—let's say or pretend, and even sometimes with luck it really happens—you can hear the sweetest little sound as baby wavelets daintily dissolve (break would be far too hard a word) on the tiny-pebbled beach. An intense kind of stillness in the air, with only the faintest breaths of a breeze. Sun's not very strong yet (it's only about 8 a.m. at most), but it seems to own the whole world, or anyway share it with the sea.

卐

And then there comes that divinely thrilling and almost shiveringly exquisite moment, spite of general genial warmth presiding from above, when we finally decide to take the water, as they say. Not that there's been any deep doubt about it really. I don't know what *you* think about it, dear Cousin, but *I* never really absolutely and finally *fix* to go into the sea till I actually do, until which I reserve my decision, so to speak. After all, a rash step it is, and, come to think of it, rather remarkably bold.

Considering, for one thing, that we've practically abolished the cold morning bath even amidst all the carpeted comforts of hearth and home. And here we are, all in the nude and naked open air and no hot-water taps to turn on if we don't quite like the temp. of our bath, and no bath salts and no . . . Splash! That's settled it anyway. Plunged right in, we did, when we

weren't properly thinking or looking, and being in here all among the wavy waters, may as well stay here a little, what? Especially while the sun-kissed sea we're floating about on continues so fascinatingly and sunnily to roll and wink and sparkle and smile.

卐

Just a vision it all is, for me at any rate for the present moment, but rather a fascinating and delightful one, what? Absence makes the heart grow fonder being the appropriate motto, I suppose, or words to that effect. Not that one's really so terribly *pining* to dash away from Town, not quite yet, anyway. All sorts of nice things going on still, even if it *does* happen to be mid-July and some people starting to think of what they're going to do when the magic days of the golden month are over and gone. All of which only gives one in the end all the more scope.

卐

As, *par exemple*, whether you're going to Scotland or Deauville, you positively *must* wear *some* sort of clothes for the occasion, whether it's tweeds and kid coats and jumper suits for Scotland, or chiffon and lace and things for Deauville (not to mention Goodwood), with some of those adorable satin and velvet wraps. And, oh, what a joy getting them, too, especially seeing they're such absolute and complete necessities your conscience is quite utterly clear, and in fact it's sort of combining pleasure with duty, isn't it?

"Rather like Bourbons"

Though those vistas are still quite a long way ahead, aren't they? As testimony whereto and that the Season's still going strong, they're going on with the Russian Ballet much longer than they meant, and it won't end for another ten days or so yet at least. A joyous little affair always, and this year especially *tout ce qu'il y a du plus chic* and then some, all the best persons having patronised same and made it quite one of the meeting places of those who socially matter, and all that kind of thing.

卐

Then, oh, those lovely sale bargains are still going on, you know, and such sweet things to be had for a mere song, as the ancient saying goes, that we positively can't worry even though we're losing, they say, all our coal markets owing to the strike. And the Huns are being so hatefully prosperous there's simply no holding them, not to mention the U.S.A. pinching all our trade. Oh, help!

卐

But the sun does continue after all (at intervals) to shine, and I'm not sure that all isn't more or less for the best, spite of all things, in the (more or less) best of all possible worlds.

With love,

Yours ever,

Blanchette.

METHINKS NOT!

WHY FREAKS?

By "THE KENNELMAN"

Apropos the recent appeal made in these Notes for practical assistance towards checking the propagation of come-by-chance mongrels, and thereby reducing, in the hope of gradual elimination, the ranks of the pathetic (and dangerous) army of homeless strays and street wanderers, the most prolific carriers of canine disease, a correspondent now appeals to "The Kennelman" for ". . . active support of the already authoritatively backed proposal for the compulsory emasculation of all male dogs, except entire dogs for stud use, which should be specially licensed and taxed."

Greatly though he desires the disappearance of the lamentable street-wandering type of pariah—a discredit to doggy England—there are various reasons why "The Kennelman" would never advocate "compulsory emasculation." Incidentally, he doesn't believe it could be brought off, and the making of laws that are not observed is a pernicious business.

But "compulsory emasculation"—methinks not. It is naïvely urged that trek-oxen are better workers than bulls, and that therefore there's no reason to suppose that the emasculated Dog would be less active and efficient than the Dogs we know. Perhaps not. But it happens that in the civilised world, and most notably, perhaps, in the British world, the Dog's position *vis-à-vis* humans is unique, and based upon scores of other attributes besides efficiency in work. What of the psychological aspect, canine character, spirit, companionship, and the like? Who will gauge for us precisely the effects of "emasculation" where these subtle and priceless attributes are concerned? Even on the severely practical side, can anyone guarantee the exact effects of such a process upon the instincts and spirit that have been developed to perfection in British Hounds and hunting Dogs, our ratting Terriers, our quite inimitable Gun-dogs? Some of the qualities distinguishing the world's finest soldiers and sailors distinguish also the world's finest sporting Dogs. "Compulsory emasculation"—again methinks not, thank you. But, make no mistake, it really is up to the doggy people of these islands to get busy in the matter of checking mongrel propagation, and thereby eliminating the street-haunting pariah.

An ex-Regular officer of Gunners, who contemplates "going in for Dogs seriously," with his sister, and getting some money with his fun, rather than some fun for his money, registers sundry range-finding enquiries. He is hereby informed that it is not "necessary to the marketing of the goods to go in for the very latest freak, like the Keshond, the Deutscher Boxer, the Rough Dachshund, or the Corgi or Saluki." The rough-coated Dachshund, by the way, though scarce, is not a newcomer, and the Saluki is very far from being either new or a freak, being of a very ancient race, now firmly established in England. The Keshond, or Dutch Barge-dog—no relation to the well-known Schipperke—is a newcomer in this country, and may or may not win place here. The Deutscher Boxer is a short-tailed, short-coated, prick-eared, solid and rather surly-looking Teuton, favoured in Deutschland for police work, but not very likely to become popular here. The Corgi is a Welshman, and a bit of a mystery as yet. Some say "Corgi" is Welsh for "mongrel," and others that it means "dwarf-dog." "Heeler" is another name given to Corgis on their native heath, where they are used for rounding up mountain ponies and other animals. Rough-coated and smooth, dock-tailed and undocked, prick-eared or partly so, the Corgi is described as being of Terrier type, very stockily built, and a useful worker rather than a beauty. The Kennel Club has recently taken official cognisance of his existence; but—— Well, the ex-Gunner will find ample range of choice among well-established breeds without choosing either Corgis or the most ultra-fashionable varieties, in which competition is keenest.

"Incomparable Beauty"

A few hints on skin-care from

MISS LAURA COWIE

(given in a personal interview)

Dark ivory Gaelic beauty

Miss Laura Cowie enjoys the distinction of having in her own particular type the loveliest face on the English stage. Mr. St. John Ervine, the well-known critic, in reviewing "The Widow's Cruise," wrote of Miss Cowie, ". . . her dark ivory Gaelic beauty has seldom been so finely revealed. She is one of those rare actresses who employ their minds as well as their bodies in the performance of their part." In addition to beauty Miss Cowie has exceptional wit and intelligence. Every part she plays in she endows with a peculiar quality of distinction, the product of a sweet personality, a fine technique and a clear insight into the character she is interpreting.

A sensitive skin.

"My skin," said Miss Cowie, "is very sensitive. I should always be having trouble if I had not fortunately found some means of preventing winds and sun from marking my face and hands. I know some women are content to use Pond's Vanishing Cream before they go out of doors in the morning and that carries them right through the day. I daren't do that. I have to use the cream again and again, throughout the day. And I am gratefully pleased to do so, for this is surely a very little trouble to go to for the sake of feeling your complexion safe.

Cool and delicious.

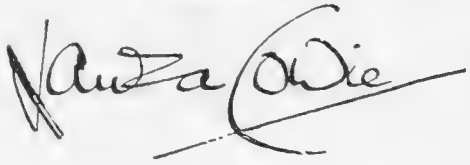
"In fact, it is no trouble at all, because Pond's Vanishing Cream refreshes one. It does one good, bucks one up. It is so cool and delicious to the touch and it has an exceptionally refined scent—that appeals to me immensely. I'm rather shy of scent as a rule."

"Pond's Vanishing Cream," I explained, "is scented with Jacqueminot roses. Not too much to be pronounced, but enough to be pleasing and refreshing."

My little daughter.

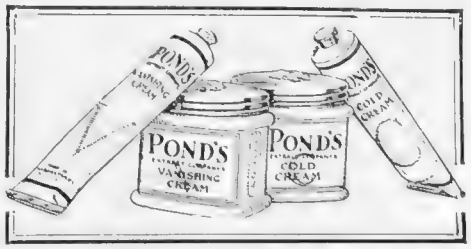
"I am also a great believer," continued Miss Cowie, "in the creed that 'skin beauty depends on skin cleanliness.' I believe in that so firmly that I apply it not only to myself but also to my little daughter. Every bedtime she has her face and hands thoroughly cleansed with Pond's Cold Cream. Then I know she goes to sleep with her skin in a thoroughly healthy condition—pores free and working as they should. I think every mother has a responsibility for a daughter's future in the preservation of the 'bloom' which will be such a potent factor in her charm when she grows up.

Dorothy Wilding



Every bedtime.

"Every bedtime I too have my five minutes' cleaning with Pond's Cold Cream and I enjoy it. I enjoy it because my towel shows me how it has cleansed my skin and it leaves me so rejuvenated—with such a delightful feeling of having wiped out the day's work and the day's weariness.



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Also for my hands.

"I use it not only for my face and neck, but also my hands." (Miss Cowie has very beautiful slender white hands.) "I think the condition of the hands is as important to a woman as the face and neck, and Pond's Cold Cream keeps them smooth and white—lovely to look at and lovely to touch."

For cleansing your skin.

Soap and water cleanse the surface, but to keep the skin clean and healthy it is necessary to cleanse the pores and tissues *beneath* the surface. This is what Pond's Cold Cream does. Apply it lavishly to your face, neck and hands before you retire to rest at night and after any long exposure in the daytime. After a few moments, remove the cream with a soft towel or wad of cotton wool and all the impurities will come away with it, leaving the skin clear and rejuvenated.

For protection against weather.

Apply a touch of Pond's Vanishing Cream to your face and hands on convenient occasions during the day. It vanishes instantly, showing no sign of use save a freshened appearance, and it prevents roughness, redness, freckles, sunburn and other blemishes caused by sun and dust. It is exquisitely scented with the odour of Jacqueminot roses. Pond's Two Creams do *not* promote the growth of hair on the face.

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I enclose twopence in stamps to cover postage and packing. Please send me your *TRIAL TUBES* of *POND'S COLD CREAM & POND'S VANISHING CREAM*, together with your Home Massage Chart.

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BYSTANDER BRIDGE

WHERE THE INFORMATORY DOUBLE SCORED

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

THIS suit double is most intriguing, and there is more in it than meets the eye. Since writing last week's article the following case occurred at a club where I play:—

	S—Q, 9, 8. H—J, 9, 8, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2.	D—9. C—4.
S—7, 6, 3. H—A, K. D—A, J, 10, 8. C—A, Q, 7, 2.	Y A B Z	S—5, 2. H—Q. D—Q, 7, 4, 2. C—J, 10, 9, 6, 5, 3.
	S—A, K, J, 10, 4. H—10, 7.	D—K, 6, 5, 3. C—K, 8.

Score: Game all. Y, Z, 18 in rubber game. Z "One Spade"; A "Double"; Y "Two Spades"; B "Three Clubs"; Z and A "No bid"; Y "Three Hearts"; Z "Three Spades"; A "Five Clubs"; Y and B "No bid"; Z "Double." All pass.

Now I am not prepared to say the bidding was good, but you have to remember the state of the score and the anxiety of A, B to save the rubber and Y, Z to make it. But the point I want to rub in is the value of the informatory double on the part of A.

On ordinary lines A, after the bid of "One Spade," if he does not play the informatory double, is in great difficulty. His hand is certainly too good to pass, especially at the score, as for all he knows Z may make "Two Spades" and game and rubber. If he is not a doubler, A on English lines must either pass, risk a No Trumper, or bid "Two Diamonds." None of these courses would be satisfactory. The informatory double is his only hope of getting good results from his hand.

When after the double Y bids "Two Spades," B is in the ordinary way relieved of all obligation of making a bid, and no doubt, if the score had been love, he would have remained silent. But at the critical score, and knowing his partner had considerable strength, B made a shot at it and bid "Three Clubs"—a bad call in the ordinary way, but not really bad in the circumstances. After that the contest lay between the others.

Y with eight Hearts cannot be blamed for putting up a fight, nor can Z after having received a "lift" in the Spade suit be criticised for preferring the Spade suit. When A bid "Five Clubs" Y was hardly in a position to continue bidding, especially as his partner had not been able to support his Hearts. Z's double was not really bad. It was *free*. He had on the face of it a reasonable chance of defeating the contract, and he did not see his way to bidding "Four Spades," which, of course, A was prepared to double on business lines.

The result was disastrous for Y and Z. B made five Clubs doubled (losing only two tricks in Spades) and game and rubber. And this result was wholly and solely due to the informatory double.

. . . . .

From Bahia, Brazil, comes a query:—

"A is playing the hand. Z leads a thirteenth card, and when A trumps with the Jack and at the same time draws out from dummy the five of Trumps, Y, surprised at A playing a trump from dummy, says, before playing his card, 'What is this?' A replies 'A mistake,' and returns the five of Trumps to dummy, and plays out another card. Y then plays. Is this in order? Can a card be drawn from dummy and changed for another before having been covered?"

Certainly not. A card once played by the declarer from his own hand or from dummy cannot be taken back except to save a revoke. It is true that by Law 59 when the declarer draws a card either from his own hand or from dummy, such card is not considered as played until actually quitted. But from my correspondent's account it seems obvious that the card was played and quitted.

"THE NINETEENTH HOLE"

A reproduction of Messrs. Schweppes' famous poster advertising their popular Lemon Squash

"The Remedy

"You see, Sir," says the Garage Foreman, "the trouble has been excessive carbon deposit. That would account for its unsatisfactory running. The remedy is simple. The engine requires a thorough cleaning. I will see that your carburetter is properly set and I would suggest that you try 'BP' and keep to it. I know from experience that 'BP' gives a minimum of carbon."

"BP"

The British Petrol

When motoring in France ask for "'BP' Essence Energic," in Belgium "BP" Motor Spirit, and you can rely upon obtaining "BP" quality.

British Petroleum Co. Ltd., Britannic House, Moorgate, E.C.2, *Distributing Organisation of the* Anglo-Persian Oil Co., Ltd.

FEMINA

THE INSIDE OF RAILWAY TRAINS

By MRS. M. VINCE

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ite as much horror in Mr.
pling's account of going
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nich he left San Fran-
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evenson wrote in *Across
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undressing while lying
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ppened one would lie there
trapped until one was burnt to death; the discovery that "a profusion of nickel-plating, plush, and damask does not compensate for closeness and dust"; and next morning "the long coffin-car, by no means ventilated, with its gummy, grimy crew." That is what makes all English travellers in America think with real affection of European trains. But though, after America, they have a pleasant family likeness, they have their differences.

s

EVEN those who dislike all things German must give a reluctant admiration to the arrangements of a German sleeping compartment. They are so complete; nothing is forgotten. There is even a little padded place above the berth to hang your watch on. If you have a wrist-watch this does not tempt you. If not, you will be so much moved by this thoughtfulness that you will hang your watch there—and then probably forget it in the morning. But among the innumerable knobs and plugs and pulls in a German sleeper the thing which must most mystify, and then most delight and amuse, every English traveller is the wooden and metal arrangement which, when you pull it down, you find to be a step to put your feet on to help you in fastening your shoes. One Englishman told me that he did not discover it until he was dressed, and then was so delighted with it that he took off his shoes and put them on again in order to use it. What a proof of German thoroughness that step is! What a confession of the national corpulence! I think that the White Knight in *Alice Through the Looking Glass* would have delighted in the German sleeper. Except that there was no mouse-trap, he would have felt that nothing had been forgotten.

s

FOR something more than mere comfort and ingenuity, however, one must travel in a Swedish train. Its carriages, more than any in which I have ever travelled, give you the pleasant feeling of being not in a train, but in a travelling house. It is not so much the compartments, though they are spacious and clean and well-upholstered, and have their little tables, and more than the usual provision of racks; it is rather their corridors which suggest a house. They are the only train corridors I know which are furnished. At each end they have—though Swedish trains are not peculiar in this—open vestibules so that you can stand there in the open air, as in a cottage porch, and enjoy the whole moving landscape as if it were your garden. The corridors are carpeted. They have little flap seats so that you can sit in comfort by the wide windows. They have pegs for coats to be hung on. They have racks with tumblers and water-bottles, frequently replenished at stations. They have housemaids in white aprons, who pay frequent visits to the compartments and really dust them. There are housemaids also in the German trains. But, like those laundresses in the Inns of Court on whom Sam Weller commented, they seem to have very little interest in cleanliness. Altogether, the Swedish trains do most pleasantly suggest a house, furnished and cared for. I would even drink the water in a Swedish train!

out feeling that our [illegible] carriages are rather uninteresting. They are clean, comfortable, solidly made, well kept—none more so. After the dirt and bustle, say, of a German train, with the crowded corridors, and the continual rushing to and fro of laden waiters—in a German train travelling is one unending meal, varied only by hurried snatches of food and drink on the platform whenever the train stops—there is a real English comfort, an aristocratic calm, about the inside of an English train.

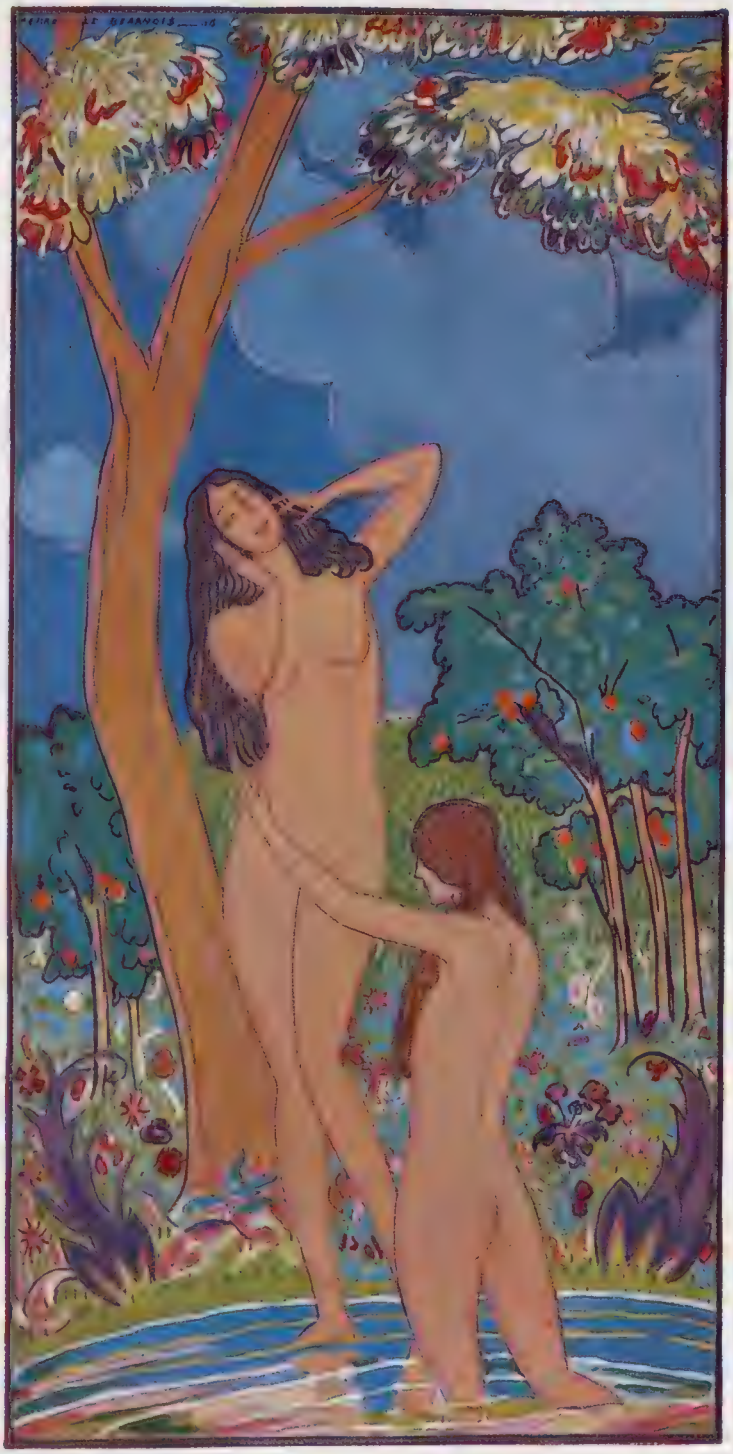
s

BUT, still, it is a little uninteresting. That is not the fault of our railway companies, but of our island. It is too small. In England you travel by day or you travel by night. It is not until you travel day and night in the one train, see your seat turned into a bed, and your bed into a seat again, that you begin to think of a train as home. Then you have time to notice the arrangements made for your comfort, as you do when you settle down, if only for a little while, in a strange house. Then you leave your compartment at the end almost with affectionate regret—that is, if you enjoy travelling by train. Some people, I know, go through railway journeys almost like parcels; they wrap themselves up at the beginning in an air of comatose indifference to everything, and do not take the wrapping off until they arrive. If they could be chloroformed and sent by post, they would certainly choose that way.

Vizzavona

TWO IN A CANOE

A study from this year's Salon entitled *Canot Rouge* by Du Gardier



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FOR MEN, of course, Atkinsons Eau-de-Cologne is the only correct perfume, whether by itself or in Atkinsons Brilliantine, Shaving Soap, Talcum Powder.

Nothing is more invigorating after hard exercise than a rub down with a very little Atkinsons Eau-de-Cologne; nothing is more soothing than a touch of Atkinsons Vanishing Cream after shaving or exposure to wind and sea. Its fresh, clean fragrance appeals to the man who would never dream of using ordinary "scent."

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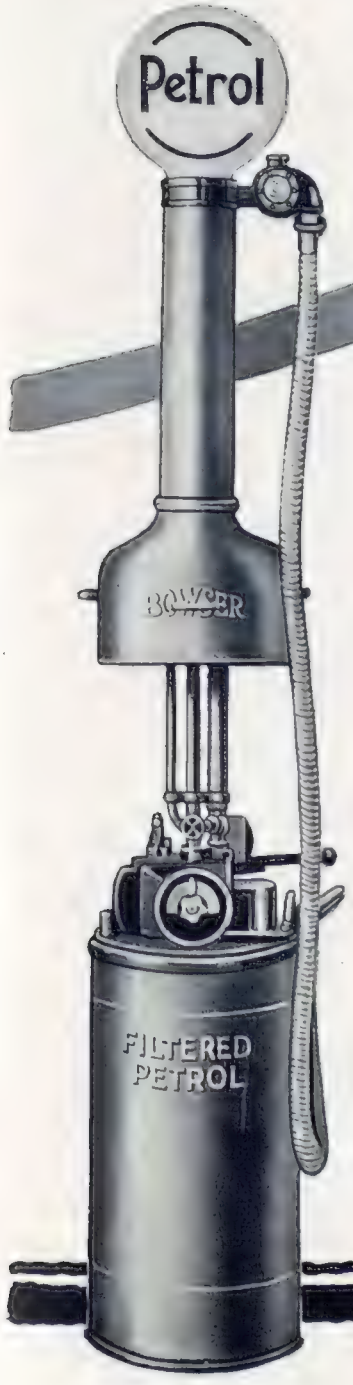

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By Jas

IN HIS OWN MANNER

An impression of Mr. Jacob Epstein, in which the artist has sought inspiration from some of the better known works of his subject. The birds, we hear, are now getting more or less used to "Rima" in Hyde Park

THE LITERARY LOG

ROLLED BY RALPH STRAUS

I AM often surprised at the number of great men and women who are known to the majority of us only by name. We know vaguely that in their time they were very distinguished, but beyond a hazy idea that they wrote great books or invented important machines or fought an epoch-making battle, what could we say of them if required to answer questions in a general knowledge examination paper? We should not receive quarter marks And it does not seem to matter much in what particular century they lived. There are moderns as well as ancients about whom nothing seems familiar except their names.

With the ancients, of course, we are less likely to make a bad mistake, for there was a time when we were *obliged* to learn something about them, and although most of us cheerfully forget the little Latin and less Greek that was crammed down our throats at school, some facts refuse to be forgotten. We could never, for instance, come to look on Cicero as a great admiral or on Virgil as other than a poet. We may know nothing of the teachings of Socrates, but we do know that he was not pretty to look at and died from drinking hemlock (even though we may not be certain what hemlock is).

Very well, then: what of Sappho? A poetess, wasn't she? But what did she write? Ought we to know? And wasn't there some sort of vague scandal about her? That, I suppose, completes the average man's knowledge of the lady. Henceforth, however, he will have no excuse for his ignorance, for amongst the new volumes in the Broadway Translations is Mr. C. R. Haines's *Sappho: The Poems and Fragments.* (Routledge: 12*s.* 6*d.* net.)

It is a worthy production, with an introduction which is almost as unexpected as the illustrations. Both, by the way, are a delight. I call the introduction unexpected, because Mr. Haines will have none of the scandal. To him Sappho was the most respectable and most misunderstood of Greek ladies. His argument is certainly ingenious, though whether it will be widely accepted is another matter. What is more important is the fact that it is followed by a charmingly arranged and well-annotated text with translations in verse.

❋

ONE day, perhaps, they will dig up Sappho's complete works. It is not very likely, but it might happen. As it is, there have been recent "finds" of importance. For the most part, however, there are only fragments—quoted passages from other classical authors, sometimes only a word or two in length. Yet these tiny fragments are sufficient to give their writer a position that will never be assailed. All of which, of course, may not interest you in the least; but it is just possible that you may like to know more of this very remarkable woman, and Mr. Haines has fashioned what is exactly the right kind of book to engage your interest and satisfy your curiosity.

The Broadway Translations, moreover, cater for all sorts of tastes. If Sappho is "hardly in your line," there is an adventurous volume just published in the series which has much to recommend it. *A Huguenot Family in the XVI Century* (Routledge: 12*s.* 6*d.* net), as translated by Lucy Crump, will give the English reader a most spirited account of one Philippe de Mornay, Sieur du Plessis Marly, originally written by his wife. Here, indeed, you are moving in stirring times—the massacre of St. Bartholomew is but one episode which is described in vivid detail—but it is primarily the insight that you obtain into the family life of the time that gives these memoirs their peculiar value and interest. Du Plessis was a many-sided man, and his life was a singularly full one. His story, indeed, is as romantic and as exciting as any novel, and one is glad to see it included in this venturesome series.

❋

UNTIL I read Mr. H. C. Shelley's *Majorca* (Methuen: 10*s.* 6*d.* net), I had no idea what an attractive place it must be, and was certainly ignorant of its wildly picturesque history. But make no mistake: it is one of the places to go to, and if you do go, be sure that Mr. Shelley is your chosen guide. Nothing can be duller than a book about a place you don't know—if, that is to say, the book is a mere collection of facts and opinions, but Mr. Shelley is not only an enthusiast but a born story-teller. He mixes his history with geographical lore and personal vignettes. He takes you to ancient castles, and lures you into the past. He introduces you to quaint folk, and in the most delightful way makes you free, as it were, of the island.

And, as if Mr. Shelley's book could not stand by itself, Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson has written a preface for it: not the ordinary preface full of polite things about the author and why he wrote his book and why the preface prefaced it, but a charmingly original essay which is quite in keeping with the text that follows. The illustrations have been well chosen, and all I can say is that Majorca (which is in need of visitors) ought to be grateful to so gracious an interpreter of its history and life.

❋

IN *The Secret of the Ashes* (Hutchinson: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) Mr. Alfred Ornstien has written a story which begins rather slowly, but ends in a crash of excitement. The charred body of an old man is found in his burnt-out office, but that does not mean to say that his death was caused by the fire. In fact, Inspector North very skilfully proves the contrary. The central idea is good; there are many dramatic scenes, but the story could have been less loosely told.

❋

IT seems that these new Bridge conventions have come to stay, even though some of us do not like them and think that the game is being spoilt. But if you do play these days, you cannot ignore them, and may as well understand them properly. I can think of no better way than by studying Mr. A. E. Manning Foster's new book, *Auction Bridge Informatory Doubles* (Bles: 3*s.* 6*d.* net), which contains a sound exposition of the new principles.

MR. JOHN McENTEE BOWMAN

The President of the Bowman-Biltmore group of hotels in the United States. Mr. Bowman, who is a keen horse-breeder, was one of the judges at the International Horse Show at Olympia

Everyman's Library

Messrs. J. M. Dent have just published seven new volumes in the Everyman's Library. They are No. 774, "Selected Letters of William Cowper"; 775, "Selected Letters of Horace Walpole"; 776, Everyman's English Dictionary; 777, Kingsley's "Madam How and Lady Why"; 778, "Peaks, Passes and Glaciers"; 779, Jules Verne's "Five Weeks in a Balloon" and "Round the World in Eighty Days," and 780, Voltaire's "Age of Louis XIV."

This is Jock

Everybody was so anxious that Jock should have his picture taken nicely, that they all crowded round and got their feet in. Still, when you've done looking at Jock you might look at the feet which I think you will agree are really a credit to their owners. I've been looking at them myself and I've made the discovery that everybody is wearing shoes made by the Lotus firm. But that's not to be wondered at because they're getting most frightfully popular. They're always awfully smart and yet they're very comfy too.

Can you make out the fasteners on Gwen's and mine? They're a special Lotus gadget (Koh-i-Noor is the name) and they're miles better than buttons. It's quite easy to have them moved, too, if you want to.

GWEN (*left*) has DELTA 270 Patent shoes with Mat Kid straps. The price is 25/9.

BARBARA (*centre*) was quite startled that her Patent Court Shoes, DELTA 272, only cost 19/9.

I like everything about my DELTA 116 (Grey Glace) including the price which is 25/9.

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Shoes for Ladies

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CAMERA NOTES

AMONG THE MOUNTAINS
Loisachtel: A valley in the Austrian Tyrol

Equipment for Sports Photography

THOUGH a certain amount of sports photography can be done with the ordinary types of amateur cameras, the photographer who has at his disposal equipment specially suited to the purpose has far wider scope and can count upon much more satisfying success.

Sports Cameras

FOLDING Press cameras and reflex models are the instruments *par excellence* for sports subjects; in these types the exposure is made by means of a split in a fast-travelling blind that passes just in front of the sensitive plate. Not only are much more rapid exposures thus possible than can be obtained with lens shutters, but also the risk of under-exposure is minimised. This feature is common to both types of cameras, but the reflex is further distinguished by the fact that the image which is being received by the camera is visible upon a ground-glass focussing screen at the top of the camera, right up to the moment when the shutter is released.

It is often said that the advantage of the reflex camera is that moving objects can be examined on the screen and kept in focus. Anyone who buys a reflex for this reason, however, is doomed to be disappointed, for it simply cannot be done; in fact, in sports work, focussing must as far as possible be treated as a preliminary, to be got over and finished with before the moment of exposure approaches. But the ease and certainty with which this focussing can be carried out makes the reflex camera an altogether delightful instrument.

Reflex Pros and Cons

APART from its greater weight and bulk, which militate against its use in sports in which freedom of movement is essential, the reflex camera stands also at a disadvantage in games, such as football, in which the photographer may by mischance become the target for a more or less dangerous missile. With his eyes in the focussing hood the reflex-user cannot follow the movements of a speeding ball readily enough to dodge out of the line of flight. In such circumstances the direct view of the play which is enjoyed by the user of an eye-level Press camera removes this risk.

As the shutter release on a camera of the latter type releases the roller-blind shutter at once, without any delay for the raising of a mirror, it is a less difficult matter to time the exposure to show, for instance, the exact moment of impact in a tennis stroke, the runner breasting the tape, or the diver just taking the water. Even then, however, there is an art in pressing the release a fraction of a second before the actual event occurs. With these qualifications, the reflex is the ideal sports camera.

T. L. J. BENTLEY.

A New Exhibition

Messrs. Wallace Heaton, Ltd., are holding an exhibition of photographs and latest amateur cinematograph apparatus and Kodaks at the Æolian Hall. This exhibition, which opened on July 12 and is to close on July 24, is called "Art and Photography," and, containing a very comprehensive collection of exhibits, is likely to prove of much interest to students of photography.

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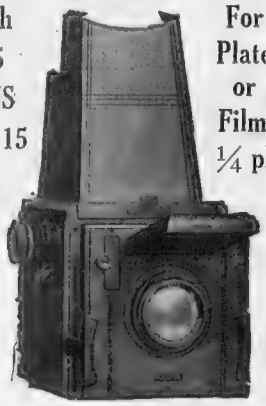

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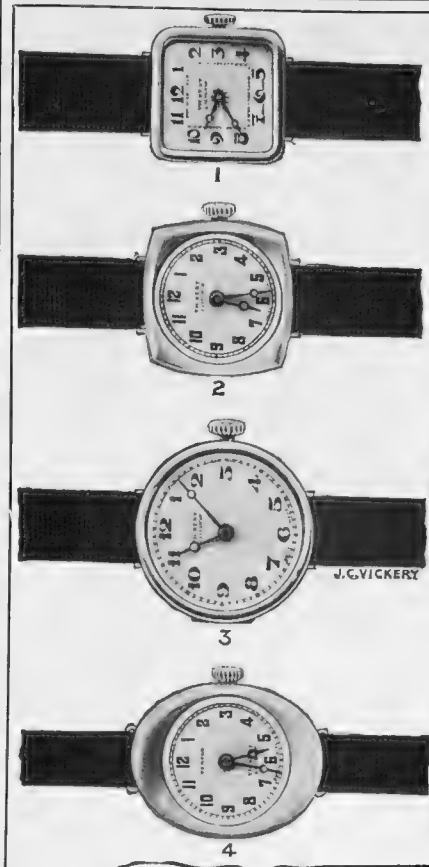

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WHEN YOU open out along those occasional straight stretches of road, does your car respond as it should? The owner-driver who makes a practice of reading "The Autocar" every week learns how to get better results from his car and more pleasure out of motoring. Articles dealing with the running, care and maintenance of cars, and illustrated reports of tests of standard models, carried out by "The Autocar" technical staff, are very much appreciated features of the paper.

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The Leading Motoring Journal

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Williams

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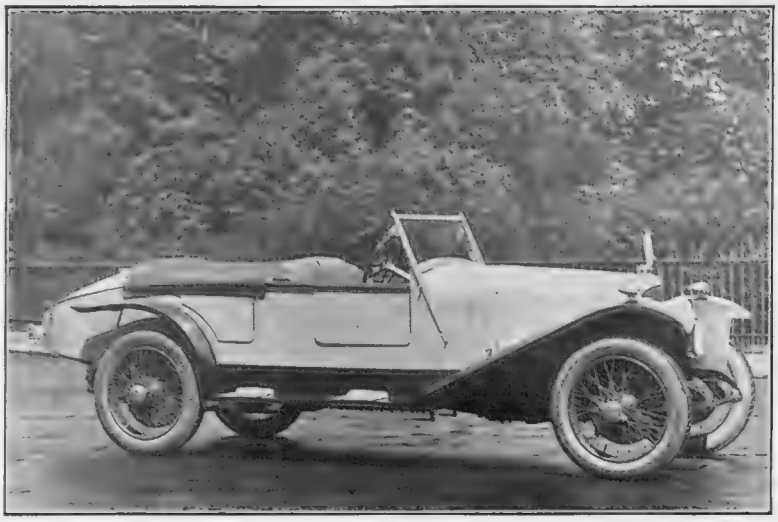
MOTOR NOTES



SPEEDY LINES

There is a suggestion of swift motion in every line of this 18 h.p. Voisin car. It is the property of Miss Addis-Price

THERE was only one thing which disappointed me at the wonderful air display at Hendon, and that was that the flying was so extraordinarily good that I had little opportunity to inspect the record show of motor cars which was present. It is estimated that there were at least 10,000 cars, and those who tried to drive to or from the Aerodrome can well believe that this is an under estimate! Every type and variety of car was represented, and an interesting fact was that practically every one was of modern make. The elderly cars seem to leave London and to find their way into the Provinces.

***

FEW motorists know the very careful testing to which a new model is put before production is started. An instance of the very thorough testing given to a new model is evidenced by the new Crossley "Six." The makers were anxious to get every detail as perfect as possible before manufacturing the car, and to this end a long series of very exacting tests were carried out. These tests included two European tours through France, Belgium, Switzerland, and Italy, crossing the Alps on each occasion, and in addition there were speed tests of long duration on Brooklands.

***

IN order to test the reliability of the new Crossley "Six," five cars were run continuously for 20,000 miles each, and cars were also run round Great Britain and in the Welsh mountain districts. Fast road work was carried out in Cambridgeshire and Suffolk. After such thorough testing as this, it is but reasonable to expect that this new car will give excellent service in the hands of its users. I have not as yet tried one of these cars, but I hear on good authority it has a range of from three to over 60 m.p.h. on top gear, with perfect smoothness, silence, and absence of vibration. Its top gear hill-climbing is particularly good, while it holds the road remarkably well. The chassis is constructed on straightforward lines, having a six-cylinder engine with overhead valves, four speeds with right-hand change, and four-wheel brakes. The Treasury rating is 17.7 h.p., while the prices of the complete cars range from £675 for the touring car to £895 for the saloon landaulette.

***

THE course for the R.A.C. Grand Prix, which will take place at Brooklands on Saturday, August 7, has now been approved by the R.A.C. Thirteen entries have already been received for this race, so the fiasco of the French Grand Prix will not be reproduced, in which three cars, all of the same make, were the only starters. The course for the R.A.C. Grand Prix consists of the Finishing Straight and that portion of the track lying to the north of it. Obstacles are to be placed in the Finishing

(*Continued on page 120*)

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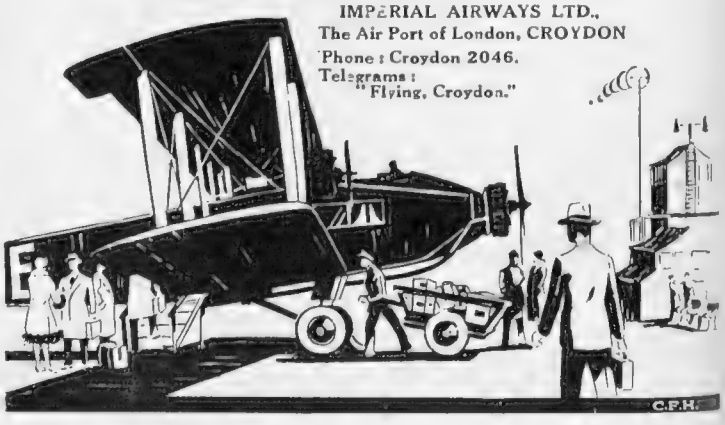

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14 h.p. CROSSLEY *now* £350

SIX CYLINDER

THIS is a car that will satisfy even the most seasoned motorist.

The astonishing flow of power from the six cylinder engine gives acceleration and performance unequalled by any other car of its capacity. A speed range of from 3 to 60 m.p.h. on top gear with perfect smoothness and absence of vibration.

Other features of this wonderful new SIX are: Silence, road holding, hill climbing, and delightfully easy steering.

So easy to drive and control that extended journeys are of no account. So finely designed and constructed that long life and reliability are inherent qualities.

Advanced design. Four-wheel brakes. Nothing that has not been tested again and again under all conditions. One hundred per cent. efficient.

Catalogue gladly sent on request.

Trial runs can now be arranged.

BRIEF SPECIFICATION.

18/50 h.p., six cylinders, 69 mm. × 120 mm., capacity 2,692 c.c., overhead valves. 4-speed gearbox. Long semi-elliptic springs fitted directly under frame. Four-wheel brakes operated by foot. Hand brake, operating on rear wheels. 4ft. 8ins. track. 10ft. 5ins. wheelbase (Long chassis: 11ft. 5ins. wheelbase). Complete equipment.

PRICES:

Touring Car	£675
Coach	£720
*Saloon-Limousine	£875
*Saloon-Landaulette	£895

* Long wheelbase chassis.

CROSSLEY MOTORS LTD., MANCHESTER. London Showrooms & Export Dept., 40-41, Conduit Street, W.1.

Straight, each of which will consist of three sandbanks, so arranged as to make a complete "S" bend. The race will consist of 110 laps, an approximate distance of 287 miles.

***

Issued under the auspices of the Automobile Association, "The Alps for the Motorist," just published by Cassell and Co., is an interesting and informative book, in which Mr. Charles L. Freeston gives thoroughly practical and up-to-date information about Alpine roads. The whole range of the Alps is reviewed from Nice to Vienna, as well as the approaches through the Jura. No fewer than 157 passes are dealt with, the necessary itineraries and details as to gradients being provided, together with a number of specially drawn sketch maps. The price of this book is 5s. net.

***

It will be remembered that Bentley Motors, Ltd., recently moved from their showrooms in Hanover Court, but the Bentley connection with these old showrooms remains unbroken. Mr. H. M. Bentley, who is the proprietor of the new concern, Messrs. H. M. Bentley and Partners, has been managing director of Bentley Motors, Ltd., with his brother, since the company was started by them in 1919, up to the recent reconstruction. The new firm will deal in cars of all makes, though naturally specialising in the Bentley.

***

Motorists contemplating Continental tours are reminded that in France, as in England, ignorance of the Law is no defence in a prosecution. The Automobile Association will supply, free of charge to members on application, the complete and official text of the new French Code of the Road translated into English.

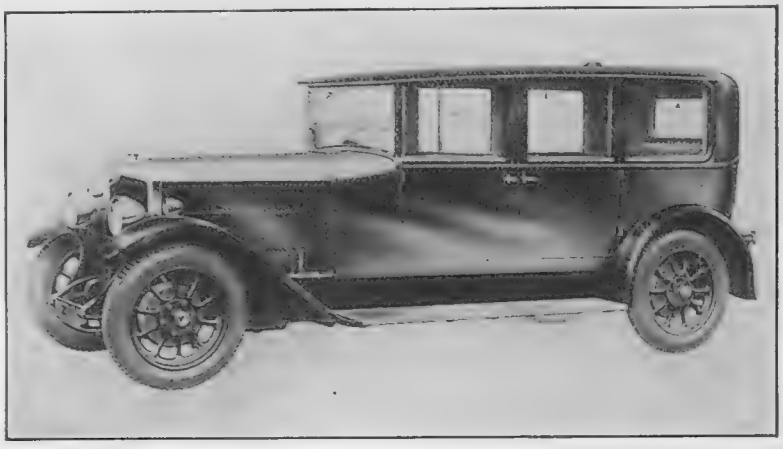
***

A large car has a fascination peculiar to itself, particularly when it is easy to control and has a good road performance. These features are possessed in no uncertain degree by the new R type Daimlers. These cars have a wider track and a longer wheelbase than the standard models, while the chassis provides the maximum of body space for the most luxurious types of coachwork. I recently spent a most enjoyable time on one of the R type 25-85 h.p. Daimlers fitted with an enclosed limousine-landaulette body, which provided luxurious seating accommodation for seven people. The car was of considerable size, but handled remarkably easily. With a wheelbase of 12 feet, traffic driving might have been difficult, but with the really remarkable steering lock provided on the Daimler the large car is almost as easy to handle as a light car.

***

The Daimler's road performance is exceptionally good. It is permanently silent in operation, it has a very wide top gear performance, and is a particularly speedy and silent hill-climber. The steering is delightful, while the springing is exceptionally good. The Daimler is, without a doubt, a real luxury motor carriage which will undoubtedly continue to give long and lasting satisfaction to the user. Furthermore, this car is equally suitable for owner or chauffeur driving, being remarkably easy to handle.

George C. Stead.



GRACE AND POWER

The new Crossley Six, which has just made its appearance on the road. Its horse-power is 18-50

FIRES IN COUNTRY HOUSES

It is very usual to attribute fires to the fusing of electric wires wherever the actual cause cannot be discovered. In most cases electricity is not at fault, but it must be remembered that rubber, whether in motor tyres or electric conductors, perishes or becomes brittle with age, and many houses are wired on obsolete systems.

When this happens the rubber is no longer a protection against damp which may result from condensation on change of temperature or leakage through roofs or from water pipes. Under such conditions a fire may result, usually at the switch wires for which the safety fuses provide no protection. It is therefore very necessary that old installations should be opened up for expert examination, as an insulation test, which may show the absence of leakage for the moment, is not sufficient to ensure security on circuits with perished insulation. We have a staff of experts constantly employed in testing and reporting on installations in every part of the country, and *we do not put clients to the expense of rewiring unless we find it is really necessary.*

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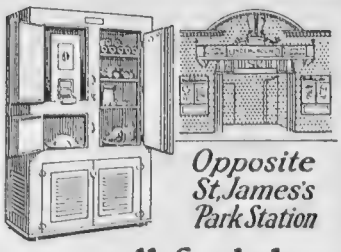

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Pourville-sur-Mer (Seine Inf.).—Albion Hotel
St. Jean de Luz (B.P.).—Golf Hotel.
Trouville (Calvados).—Hotel Belle Vue.
Hotel Roches-Noires.
Versailles.—Trianon Palace Hotel.
Vichy (Allier).—Thermal Palace.
Hotel Pavillon Sevigne.
Hotel Carlton.
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Hotel du Parc & Majestic.
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Lausanne.—Hotel Belvedere.
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A COLD in the summer time is intensely disagreeable and the prevalence of dust renders a cure difficult—unless "Vapex" is used. "Vapex" soothes, cleanses and protects the inflamed mucous membrane of nose and throat. Try a drop on your handkerchief and inhale the vapour occasionally.

All Chemists 2/- & 3/-

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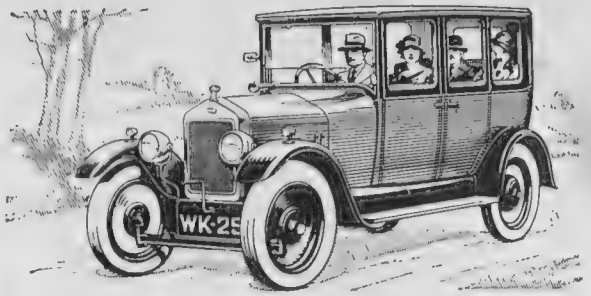

FOR any and every occasion no car could be more delightful than this 11/22 h.p. Saloon de luxe. Its coach-finished metal panels, contrasting finely with the black head and mudwings, give it a very smart appearance for town work, whilst its lightness and speed make it ideal for touring.

Fitted with the new ALL-GEAR Engine.

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Price **£335.**

Also supplied as Light Saloon with leather cloth panels, at **£299.**

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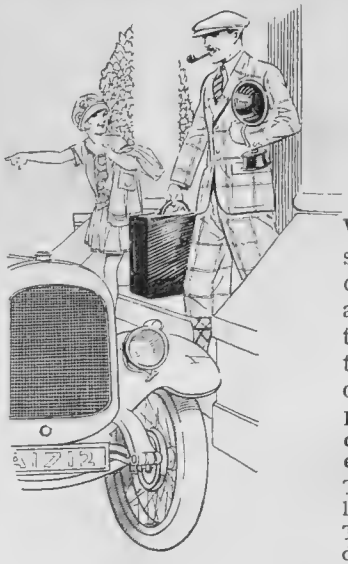

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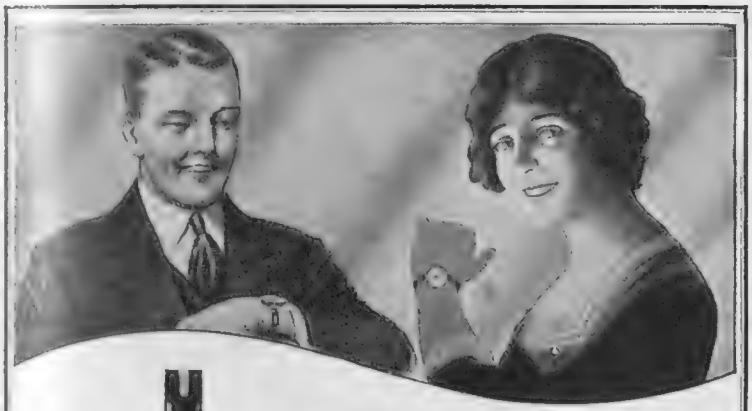

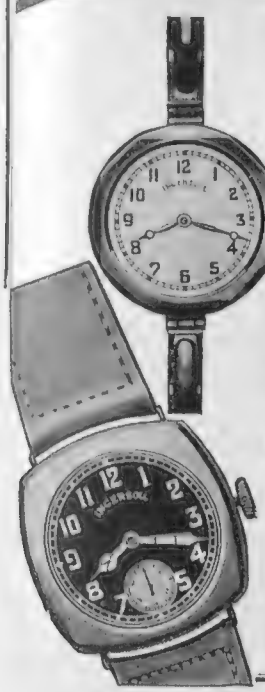

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Everything you look for in a Whisky!

—and one thing more! The true Irish Flavour smooth and mellow with age.

"Paddy Flaherty" is the only whisky with a £1,000 Guarantee that every drop is 10 years old and Pure Pot still.

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"Paddy Flaherty" Irish Whisky

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Every singer and public speaker knows the necessity for keeping the voice clear and resonant. It is not necessary for this purpose to use lozenges and pastilles containing drugs, which must be used with caution, and which are often objectionable in their taste and odour.

The 'Allenburys' Glycerine and Black Currant Pastilles have a delicious flavour and may be taken freely without causing any harmful effect.

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The footwear of British Sport — MANFIELD'S. Identified with that sport everywhere it goes throughout the world.

This shoe is familiar on the principal golf courses. Conforms to convention, but is quite out of the rut, because when fitted with skill it develops individual and uncommon character in wear. No. MT899. In Brown Grain 45/-

See "Sports" Booklet, post free.

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Fashion's Fancies

By MRS. JACK MAY

Women's Service for Women

EVERYONE is talking about Feminix, that arrestingly artistic and uncommon establishment at 26A, Albemarle Street, W.1. Opened only a few months ago, this place sprang into instant popularity, which it is fully capable of maintaining. The whole structure is based on the firm ground of efficiency. Every single assistant is a woman and skilled to the *n*th degree. The promoters of Feminix saw to that before they opened the doors, for they were determined to stand at the top, and not at the bottom, so that nothing is undertaken in connection with hair treatment but is brought out to perfection.

"Does madame require shingling?" Then there are exponents not to be touched either in knowledge or execution the world over. Madame will be shingled according to her merits or demerits. The true artist does not generalise with shingling, but judges and treats every head individually.

Permanent waving again. Can women undertake this delicate operation? The answer is: Go to Feminix and see. The Gallia-Boncelle method employed there has been brought to the highest pitch of perfection. The hair never emerges frizzy or fuzzy, but in large natural waves that Nature herself cannot surpass. Taken from life is the example pictured, and it speaks for itself. Once waved always waved, is the Gallia-Boncelle guarantee, a further visit only being required when the hair has grown too far from the roots to be manageable, and has to be treated afresh without the other being touched.

Thrills for the Housewife

STAR bargains provide the leading feature at the sale held by Robinson and Cleaver, The Linen House, 156-168, Regent Street, W. These offerings are interesting, as they are the result of the bold policy pursued by the firm in manufacturing goods for sale at cost price rather than close down their Irish factories during the recent strike.

Prominent among these star goods are some hundred dozens of tablecloths and dinner napkins in two designs, namely, pansy and ivy. Of pure Irish linen, tablecloths 2×2 yards are only 11*s.* 6*d.*, and dinner napkins are 11*s.* the dozen—a quite unique offer, the like of which has never been seen before, and is most unlikely to occur again. Another range of unbleached linen tablecloths, suitable for kitchen and general use, commence at 6*s.* 9*d.*

Quite unprecedented bargains are linen sheets, also starred, supplied in two qualities, the first lot hemmed, single-bed size, selling at 24*s.* 10*d.*, and hemstitched at 30*s.* These, coming under the heading of hard wear Irish linen, are strongly recommended, as they are subjected to a special process of bleaching. Linen huckaback towelling, suitable for roller or hand towels, are being cleared at the almost incredible reduction of 11*d.* the yard for the 18-inch width, 24 inches 1*s.* 2*d.*—surely the purchase of a lifetime.

Sports Wear in all its Branches

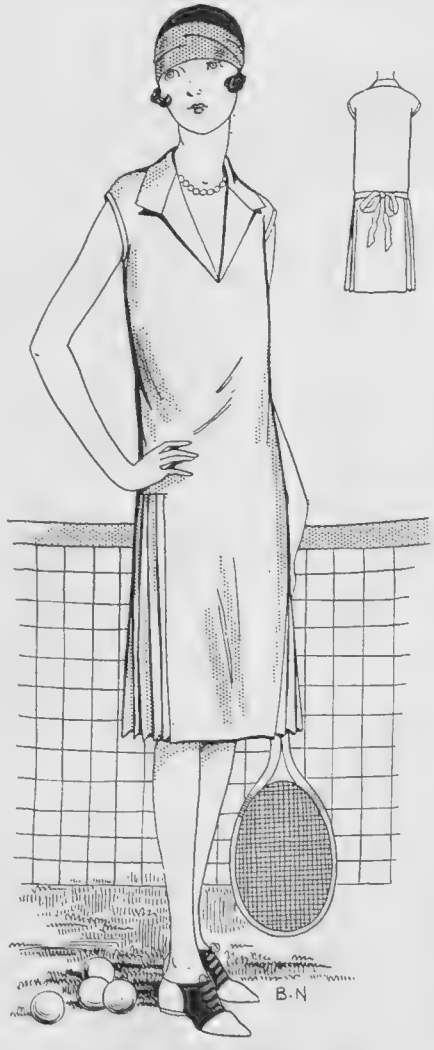
THE sports element is rampant to-day, and it is one that is exercising an immense amount of influence both in dress and social activities. Hitherto specialising only in such articles as tennis rackets and cricket bats, Lillywhites, Ltd., Criterion Buildings, Regent Street, W., have, since removing to their new and enlarged premises, opened up a ladies' department for sports clothes.

At the moment they are, naturally, dealing principally with tennis kit—a theme they are following up in every conceivable demand. Starting with the tennis frock, they are showing two ideal designs, one of which is illustrated. This model is obtainable in tricoline or linen at 2 guineas. It is arranged with flat pleats at the back and a straight front, with narrow girdle set on at the side seams and tying at the back. At the top the fronts are thrown back to form natural revers, surmounted by a collar. There are no sleeves, as the sports girl has decided it is better to be tanned all the way up than leave a patch at the top.

E. O. Hoppé

THE CHARM OF THE HAIR

A striking example of permanent waving by the Gallia-Boncelle method as carried out at the Feminix establishment. The address of this successful firm is 26a, Albemarle Street, W.1



FOR THE LAWN TENNIS COURT

Two simple but becoming designs for lawn tennis frocks which afford great freedom of movement. They are to be seen at Lillywhites, the famous sports specialists of Criterion Buildings, Regent Street

Sketch by Betty Nisbet

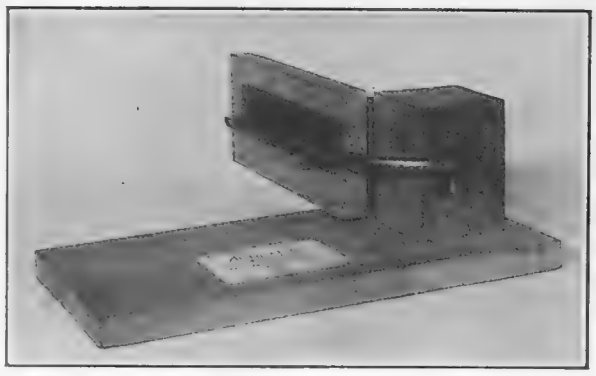
The second design that may appeal to fuller figures is straight down to just above the knees, where a skirt is attached in graceful scallops, with two inverted pleats back and front. This likewise is obtainable in tricoline and linen at 2 guineas, and in *crêpe de Chine* at 4 guineas. Fascinating little pull-over sweaters are made of fine white wool, with collars, cuffs, and hems of coloured Angora wool. They are only 22*s.* 6*d.* The "Tally-Ho" tennis caps, with net crowns and peaks of tricoline, Shantung, or *crêpe de Chine* are respectively priced at 4*s.* 9*d.*, 7*s.* 6*d.*, and 10*s.* 6*d.* The jockey type of tennis headgear, with peak of Shantung, lined green, coming out at 3*s.*

In fact, there is everything of the best, latest, and most correct to be acquired at Lillywhites, including stitched pull-on hats of linen and satin, together with all the approved tennis shoes, these, with rubber soles, starting at 7*s.* 6*d.*

For holiday golf service every woman should go and see the suits of artificial silk and wool at 25*s.* They are simply wonderful value.

A Tested and Valued Reputation

WAITING calmly, which is in itself significant, until the first rush is over, Peter Robinson, Oxford Circus, W., only opened their two weeks' clearance sale on the 12th. The absence of any catalogue is due to the fact that the marking down of prices only took place a few days ago, this enabling the firm to give their *clientèle* the very best value



THE AUTOCATCH FITTING FOR DOORS AND GATES

bargains. The reductions in every department are drastic, and in many instances verily colossal, the original cost having no influence in the matter at all, the only concern being a quick and complete clearance of the season's surplus stock. Those who are cognisant of the wealth of choice always kept in these salons will appreciate this at its due worth, since only the usual standard goods are dealt with, and all genuinely reduced, a procedure strictly adhered to without any reservations.

A Useful Fitting

The garden gate or garage door which has to be kept open for any length of time is a never-failing source of annoyance. Either one props it open with a pole, which usually falls down, or one gropes about behind the door with hooks and bolts. A fitting has recently been put on the market by Teekay, Ltd., of 17A, Bruton Place, Berkeley Square, which solves this difficulty. The Autocatch, as this fitting is called, is easily attached and holds the door open automatically. It is practically unbreakable, and is made in two sizes, standard and extra heavy, at 3s. and 5s respectively.

A Worthy Cause

The British Hospital for Mothers and Babies, Samuel Street, Woolwich, is issuing an appeal for £2,000 to found an Austrian scholarship at the hospital. This would provide training for two years for two women students from Austria in perpetuity. Mme. Maria Jeritza, the famous prima donna, is helping in this appeal. Donations should be sent to the Countess of Stamford, for the Maria Jeritza Austrian Scholarship, Appeal Offices, 4, Langham Place, W.1.

A Boon to the Deaf

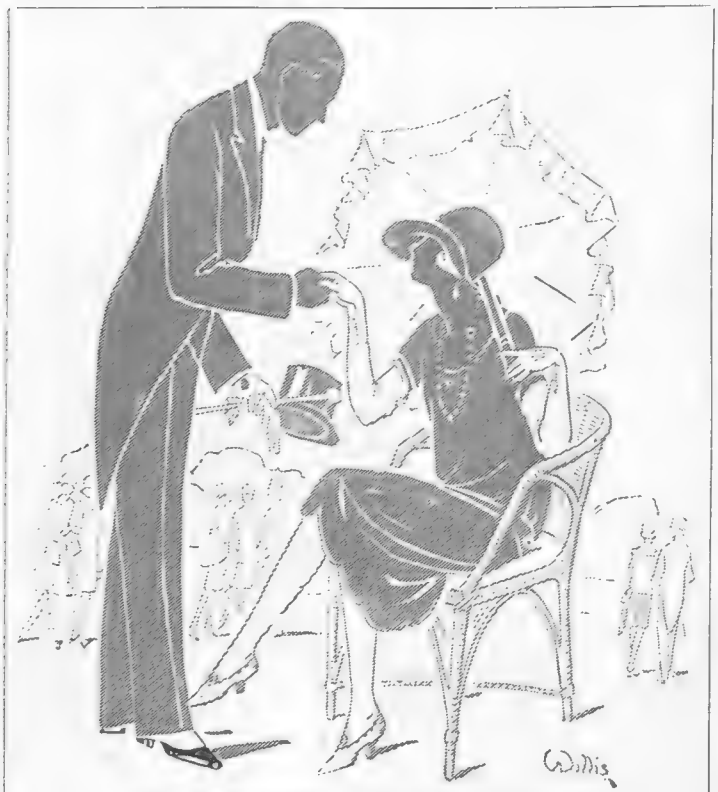
Those who are unfortunately afflicted with deafness will be interested to know that an instrument has been invented which should do much to minimise their handicap. The "Ossicaide," as this all-British discovery is called, solves the double problem of the deaf. It is convenient to use, and so tiny as to be unembarrassing, and not only enables the deaf person to hear clearly and naturally, but also, by eliminating all strain, nurtures and recuperates the delicate auditory nerve and middle ear so that at length hearing is greatly improved. Full particulars may be obtained from the sole inventor, Victor A. Poot, Walmar House, 296, Regent Street, W.

A Highland Spa

A holiday in the Highlands of Scotland is always an event to be remembered—and repeated when possible. It is for this reason that Strathpeffer Spa, in the Rossshire Highlands, is so firmly planted in the affections of a large number of people of discrimination. There is every kind of facility for golf, tennis, and fishing, while a variety of beautiful walks and climbs may be enjoyed in the neighbourhood. The Spa itself is fully up to date in its arrangements for medicated baths and treatment, and there are few places where a cure can be taken in such magnificent surroundings. A booklet obtainable from The Manageress, The Spa, Strathpeffer, gives all information for the intending visitor.

A NEW RESORT

A scene on the golf course at Sables d'Or les Pins, near Dinard, a new resort on the Brittany coast which is rapidly gaining favour. Another nine holes are shortly to be added to the course



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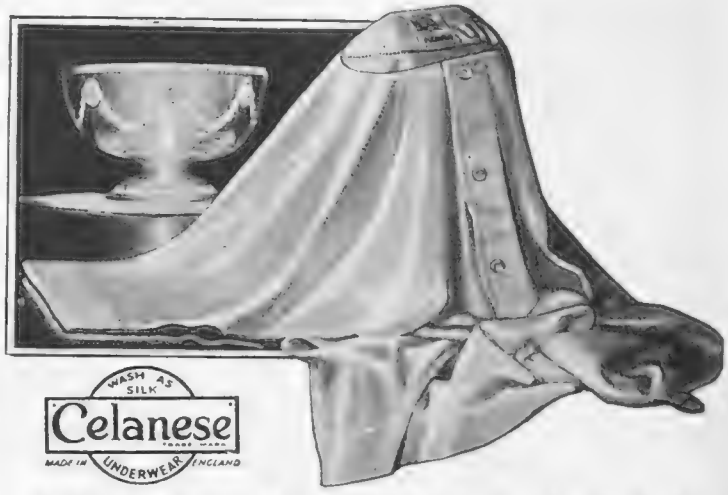

THE NEW UNDERWEAR FOR MEN

TO-DAY the famous Celanese is being used for Men's Underwear and can be bought at any of Meakers shops.

When you get into Celanese Underwear you enjoy luxurious comfort equal to real silk. It has a beautiful lustre—is delightfully cool—wears extremely well—and retains its lustre and soft feel however many times it is washed.

Yet this luxurious comfort costs no more than the average good quality underwear. Prices from Ten and Sixpence per Garment.

MEAKERS
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Why Benger's for Aged Persons.

When, by weight of years, digestive powers become enfeebled, and the vital elements are not absorbed from ordinary food, Benger's is an agreeable and abundant source of nutrition.

No food is so acceptable and so entirely suitable in old age as Benger's, nor so completely strength-giving.

A Doctor writes :—

"I have much pleasure in testifying to the value of your Food in the diet of old age, and in dyspepsia and convalescence. I could not do without it in my practice."

BENGER'S Food

is always made with fresh new milk, which it enriches and converts into a delicious food cream.

Sold in Tins, by Chemists, etc., everywhere.
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The Booklet of Benger's Food is post free.

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Miss NORA SWINBURNE, the popular actress, writes:—I have found that one is always safe in using Evan Williams Henna shampoos: certainly no other shampoo gives such delightful glints and leaves the hair so bright and youthful.

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EVAN WILLIAMS Henna Shampoo

OF ALL CHEMISTS AND HAIRDRESSERS

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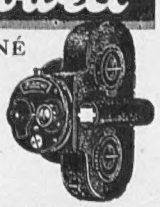

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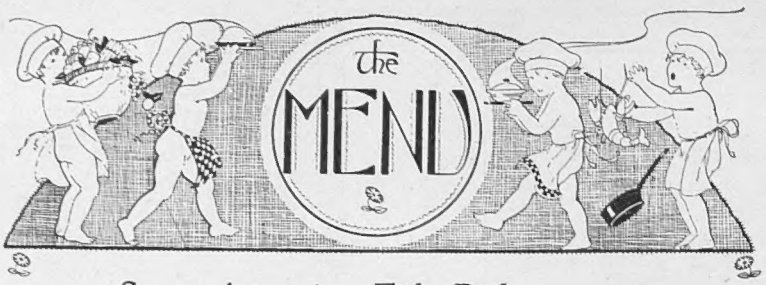

Some Attractive Fish Dishes

FISH CREAM OR MOUSSE.
WHITEBAIT.
STUFFED CRAB.
HOT LOBSTER IN ITS SHELL.

Fish Cream or Mousse

THIS may be made in two ways, but the fish must be prepared in the same way for each. It may be either cooked or uncooked. The former takes less time, because it is easier to rub through a sieve, which is the first process. It can then be seasoned, mixed with a good white sauce and one or two eggs, put into small moulds and poached or steamed in a saucepan, and served hot with some delicate sauce. Or the *purée* of fish may be mixed with equal quantities of bechamel sauce and strong aspic jelly; in this case it is gently cooked in the sauce, rubbed through the sieve, again mixed with the jelly, and served, prettily decorated, in fluted china or paper cases.

Whitebait

These are delicious if properly cooked, and not difficult to do, as is generally supposed. The principal thing is to have the oil hotter than for any other kind of fish. Wash the fish, and leave them wrapped in a dry cloth for ten minutes. Roll them in seasoned flour, shake them, and place them in a frying-basket. Plunge this into very hot oil and fry for three or four minutes until the fish are crisp. Shake a little to separate them. Sprinkle with salt and very little cayenne. Serve on a dish garnished with parsley and lemon: also serve brown bread and butter and cut lemon on a plate.

Stuffed Crab

One crab, three tablespoonfuls of breadcrumbs, pepper and salt, a few drops of tarragon vinegar, one tablespoonful of malt vinegar, salad dressing, one lettuce, chopped parsley, coralline pepper, one hard-boiled egg. Carefully pick all the meat from a good-sized crab, and put it in a basin. Tear it into small pieces with a fork, and add the breadcrumbs, pepper and salt, a few drops of tarragon vinegar, and the malt vinegar. Moisten with thin salad dressing. Have ready some well-washed and dried lettuce leaves, arrange them in a dish. Pile the mixture on to the leaves. Sprinkle with chopped parsley and coralline pepper, and decorate with thin slices of hard-boiled egg.

Hot Lobster in its Shell

A medium-sized lobster, an ounce of butter, juice of half a lemon, seasoning of pepper and salt, a tablespoonful of fresh white breadcrumbs. Cut the lobster in half and lightly butter the two shells. Cut the meat in small dice and mix it quickly with half the butter broken small, lemon juice, and seasoning. Fill the shells with the mixture, adding a thin layer of breadcrumbs and the rest of the butter in tiny pieces. Bake in rather a sharp oven about ten minutes, until lightly browned, and serve very hot on a table napkin.

EMILIA.

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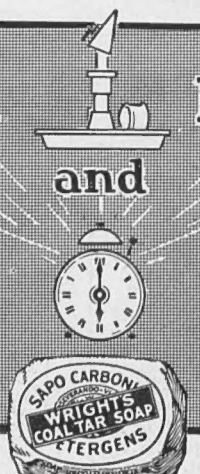
Get your Grocer or Stores to supply you and you will ask for more.

Each night and each morn



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Navy Cut
CIGARETTES

10 *for* 6d. 20 *for* 11½d.
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PLAYER'S NAVY CUT.
REGD No 154011.

It's the Tobacco that Counts

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Sir Edward
—the Enthusiastic

LOST TELEGRAMS.

The Major: "Heard what happened to Howard?—sounds like fiction!"

Sir Edward: "No, what's the excitement?"

The Major: "Well, when he got his Agent's account there was no mention of £100 each way he had wired on an 8—1 winner—so it showed him losing £400 instead of winning £600."

Sir Edward: "The old story! What did he do?"

The Major: "He wrote, pointing out the oversight, and by return got a cheque for £600, together with a letter explaining that though the wire had not been received the Agent unreservedly accepted his statement that it had been sent!"

Sir Edward: "Where does the romance come in?"

The Major: "Why! Howard followed the matter up, found his butler had given the wire to a boy, who had pocketed the shilling and torn up the telegram."

Sir Edward: "Humph! Lucky he was dealing with a thoroughly *bonâ fide* Agent. I must couple him in future with mine, who, I always thought, stood alone in that respect. What's the man's name?"

The Major: "He calls him 'Duggie'."

Sir Edward: "Why, that's *my* man; I thought there weren't two firms who would act so liberally—*that's why I'm so enthusiastic about 'Duggie'.*"

Follow Sir Edward's advice—write a personal note to "Duggie" now, and become an equally enthusiastic client.

Douglas Stuart
'STUART HOUSE' SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON.

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